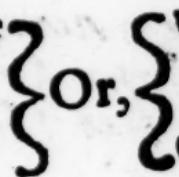
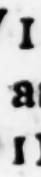


# *Boanerges and Barnabas:*

JUDGMENT  SWINE  
and  OR, and  
MERCY,  OIL.

FOR

Wounded and Afflicted

*s o u l s.*

---

In Two Parts.

---

BY

*Fra. Quarles.*

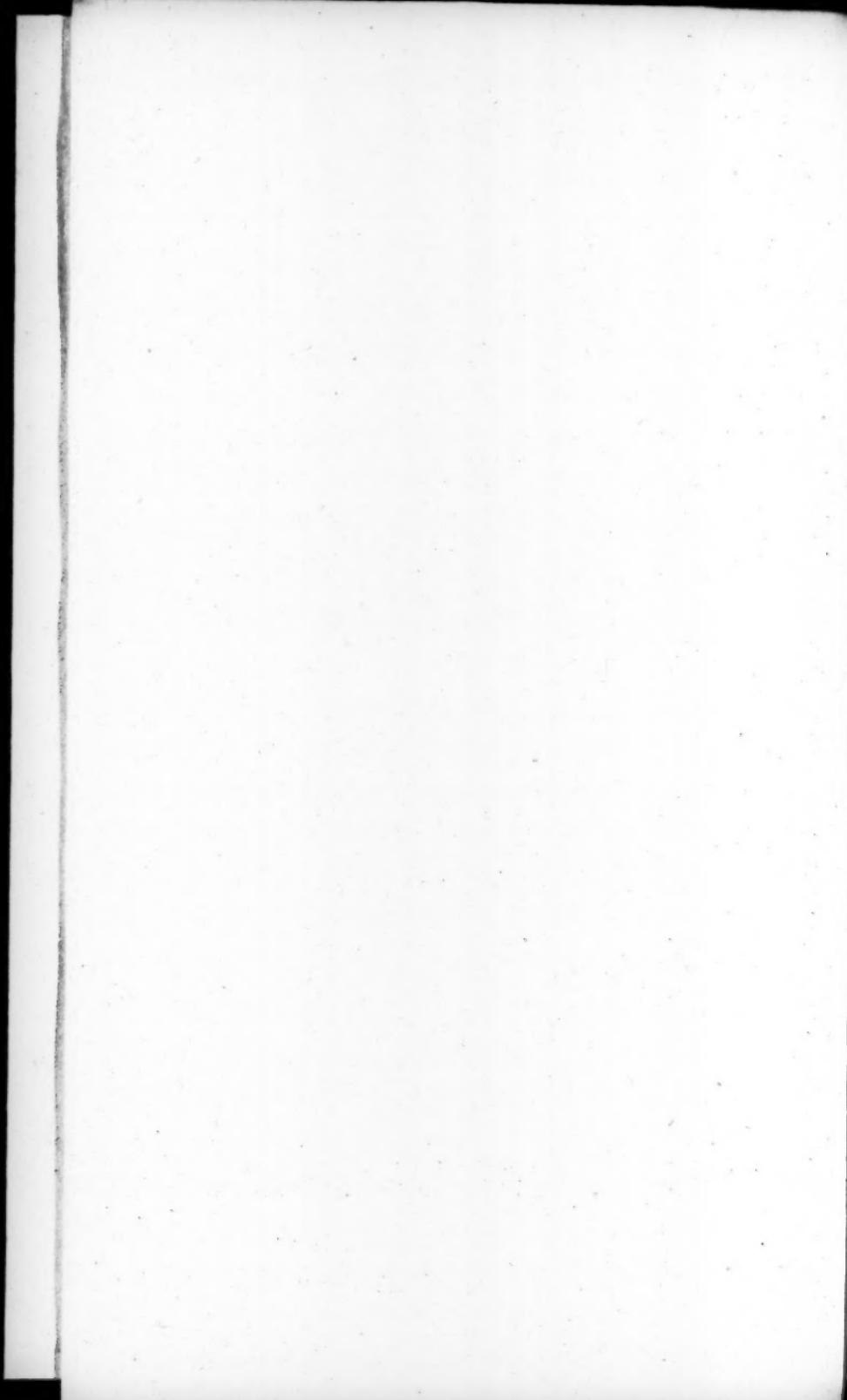
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*The Eighth Edition.*

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*L O N D O N,*

Printed for R. Royston, Bookseller to his  
most Sacred Majesty, at the Angel  
in Amen-Corner, 1674.



2

4399-6-29

L. Horn





What heere wee see is but a Graven face,  
One ly the shadow of that brittle case  
Wherin were treasur'd up those Gems which  
Hath left behind him to Posterity .

# Boanerges and Barnabas:

JUDGMENT      SWINE  
and      { Or, } and  
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FOR  
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Quarles is an Author of high  
specatability, & ever will be esteemed  
so, notwithstanding he was sneered at  
by Pope, who in his angry moments  
scattered his censures boisterously a-  
round him. Pope however sneered  
at his Poetry, but this which is a  
prose composition, must, if he had  
ever perused it, have excited his ve-  
neration. It contains some of the  
finest prayers in our language,  
& there are few individuals, what-  
ever may be their condition, who  
will not find some among them,  
expressive of their own feelings,  
fears & hopes. British Critic  
Nov. 1807. Art. 33.



## A Preface to the Reader.

HE great and general decay of Religion in this Nation, as it justly gives occasion of wonder, so it is of concernment great enough to excuse the trouble of enquiring into the true causes of so great a declension of Piety. And besides our own experience it is easily observed out of all the History of the Church, that a long peace and a continual succession of prosperous times leads on to the corruption of the Faith, the decay of Holiness and Charity. The Church of Christ hath seldom been a gainer by a temporal peace; as she grew in Riches and Power, she still went less in Piety and Holiness. Religion as it puts not on such beauties as allure the eye of the world, so it needs not the warmth of Halcyon days to breed

## The Preface.

in : like some precious gums, it distills in greatest plenty after storms and violent thunders. And Faith and Holiness have never more flourished, than when the Professors of it have been well exercised by the persecutions of the Adversaries. And however the common enemy of our Salvation doth then act the Lion, worrying the little flock of Christ, *devouring and breaking in*

Dan. 7. 7. *pieces and stamping the residue with his feet ; yet all this mischief is more than abundantly recompensed by those great advantages the Church of God receives by the triumphant sufferings and exemplary patience of the Saints. Insomuch that the mischief he doth in calm and prosperous times is more to be feared, because not so easily discerned and prevented, when by his serpentine subtlety he insinuates into the people of God the leaven of spiritual pride, schism,*

## The Preface.

schism, contempt or neglect of his Word, with all the evils that wantonness or security bring in their retinue : so that as the blessings of Peace use to make up our thanksgivings, we have now reason to mention them in our penitential threnes and the songs of our sorrow. This cause hath had an universal influence, and corrupted even some of those whose Sacred Office obliged them to maintain the purity and sincerity of Religion either with their doctrine or their bloud.

Whence the second cause has its rise ; the great remissness both of civil and of sacred Discipline. This made men either transgress the Laws with impunity, or be censured with partiality. For the Ecclesiastick power (with grief I mention it, not as an argument of reproach) was not so strongly bent against prophaneness as duty and necessity did require. To which I may add that

*The Preface.*

whose parentage is of the same cause, the lives of many Churchmen bore a greater conformity to the sins they were to reprove, than the vertues and precepts they taught. The world had so high a place in some of their hearts, that themselves soon found little interest in the hearts of the world. And when the Dispensers of Religion fall into contempt, it must be a strong arm, and more than that of flesh, that can bear up Religion it self, and keep that from falling too. As Government in the Church was intended a remedy against Schism, so the corruption of Government let in Schisms and Factions in a full channel.

And that is a third cause of the decay of Piety, viz. The Schisms, which have so shaken the fabrick of this Church, that nothing but a hand revealed from Heaven can restore it again to its former strength and soundness. An abused zeal hath

had

## The Preface.

had his evil influence upon the do-  
ctrines of almost all parties; that  
they have respectively thought the  
best way to find a truth, was to stand  
themselves at the greatest distance  
they could from their opponents.  
There were few parts either of  
*Faith* or *Obedience* which were not  
by some dissenting parties reported  
as needless superstition or sinful,  
on no better ground than this, that  
the thing could not be good in it  
self, because it came from an adver-  
sary: a ground as vain, as if the *Spaniard*  
should refuse the Gold with  
which his *Indian* fleet comes home  
laden, because it comes from the *An-*  
*tipodes* of his Imperial City. By this  
means Faith and good Works, Pray-  
er and Preaching, Repentance and  
Evangelical Holiness, Prayer in  
Forms and *Extempore* have been al-  
ternately cried up to one anothers  
prejudice or loss. And the effect hath  
been as ill as the principle was full

## The Preface.

of error and mistake. And from these disputes, the conclusion hath been made by many, that Religion might be well enough preserved and God sufficiently served without any of these ; that what any Faction disputed against was not at all necessary ; that the instances of all duty were so clearly in Scripture determined, that no argument could be strong enough to make a tender conscience doubt of the necessity. If these speculations had been confined to the Schools, the mischief had spread no further than the noise of their wranglings : but since they have been the exercise and trouble of the weakest understandings and the most illiterate men, they that held their Religion by the weakest tenure have first quitted the possession. So the publick assemblies have been made to serve the ends of faction, or wholly forsaken, and the hours of prayer have called them too

## The Preface.

too seldom into their closets ; and the Church hath been abandoned by many, because they could not there hear the sweet whispers of peace and comfort for the rude noises of strife and debate.

For the fourth cause ; mistaken zeal hath caused many Preachers to intermeddle too busily in their solemn discourses to the people with controversies not only Theological but Political too, with more respect to the interest of their party than that of Religion and the Kingdom of Jesus. Thus contention grew, and faction thrived, and charity first left our Pulpits and then our hearts : and while men were taken up with the consideration of mysteries, they neglected plain necessary duties, and fell into the sink of all sin and impiety ; like the *Milesian* Philosopher, that with so much intention lift up his eyes to behold the stars, and consider their aspects, that neglecting

*The Preface.*

leaving the care of the way he walk-ed in, he fell into a lake, where he ended his life and speculation too. And this evil prevailed the more, because,

In the fifth place, there hath been a want of sufficient maintenance in many places of the Land for the support of faithful and able Minis-ters. Such from their Pulpits might have rebuked this foolish spirit that was gone forth, and knew how by their doctrine and more edifying example to preach Obedience and practical Religion, instead of sub-lime notions and useless mysteries and empty controversies; and would esteem it more honour, and find more comfort in subduing one lust, than to have fathom'd all the depths of such knowledge.

By all which it appears, that the disease is dangerous enough to need a remedy; and that the Reader hath many things beside his private con-cern-

## *The Preface.*

cernments to make the matter of his prayers. The way to exempt himself from the epidemical guilt of these evils is, to contend against them by prayer and practice: & that the right use of this Book may be of some efficacy to resist the growth of the evil, I have thus much reason to warrant my belief, because it hath already been more than once so well entertain'd abroad. Concerning which I will not weary the Reader, (who hath already, I suspect, too often looked forward to see how far it is to the end of this Address) to discourse to him of the Author, or this work. His own pen has set him forth more, than now to need either Panegyrick or testimonials. And the usefulness of the work I had rather the Reader should understand by his own experience than mine. If he be devout, the title and design will invite his eye and please it too: if not, I have no temptation to add any

## The Preface.

any more evidences and aggravation to his crime of scoffing Religion and Religious books.

If it be thought necessary that something may be said to compose the Reader's mind concerning Forms of Prayer, because *Extempore* effusions are the only acceptable sacrifice, what use can there be of this Essay? I shall only say this, That the truly pious Reader may make use of this in his meditations, or other devotion, or as a pattern or *Directory* to both. This moreover is manifest, The Word of God is wholly silent in determining whether we should use Forms of Prayer or *Extempore*; and in other instances such silence is taken for an argument of indifference. But however, the gift of Prayer consists not in a volubility of tongue, & ready command of words, ( that hath supernatural, and this only natural causes ) but in the true affection & sincerity of

## *The Preface.*

of the heart; For many graceless persons and mere hypocrites have been observed to excel in readiness of affectionate expression, and a great command of Scripture-phrase. But let the pious Christian seriously reflect upon his sins with a true and a growing sorrow, and work his heart into a deep affection of his wants, and a due apprehension of that Majesty to whom he makes his address, ( to which end he may receive great assistance from this book;) and he who makes such preparation will want neither the gift nor reward of Prayer, whether his prayers be set and composed, or extempore. And if I may but feel the best effects of the Prayers of this Book offered up to Heaven with a spirit truly broken and humbled,(if the Christian Reader please to believe I deserve so much charity from him ) I shall not be without reward, nor he use this Book without benefit.

A

A short Narrative of the  
Authors Life.



Concerning those we love, we are curious to know all we can. And if the stone be of price, we are not contented the least fragment should perish. Know then that the Author of this Book was a Gentleman of an ancient Family. His Father was James Quarles of Rumford Esquire, Clerk of the Green-cloth, and Purveyor of the Navy to Queen Elizabeth, younger Brother to Sir Robert Quarles. After his Education at School in the Countrey and at Christ's Colledge in Cambridge, and last at Lincolns Inne, he was for some time Cup-bearer to the Queen of Bohemia, and then Secretary to the Reverend and learned the late Lord Primate of Ireland; last of all Chronologer to the City of London, in which office he died. And the world had known that by a more eminent testimony, if Death had not kept him from finishing what he had designed and begun. He was the Husband of one Wife, and by her the Father of eighteen children. As in his Life he had been most religious, so was he in his Death; in both a great Example of Devotion. He died September 8. 1644. being two and fifty years old, and lieth buried in the Parish-Church of S. Foster London.

The



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Judgment

# Judgment and Mercy for Afflicted Souls.

## Part I.

### The Sensual man's Solace.



Ome, let's be *merry* and *rejoyce*  
our souls in *frolick* and in *fresh*  
*delights*: Let's *cre* our pam-  
per'd hearts a *pitch* beyond the  
reach of dull-brow'd sorrow:  
Let's pass the slow-pac'd time in *melancholy-*  
*charming mirth*, and take the advantage of our  
*youthful days*: Let's banish *care* to the dead  
*sea* of *Phlegmatick old age*: Let a *deep sigh*  
be *high Treason*, and let a *solemn* look be ad-  
judged a *Crime* too great for *Pardon*. My seri-  
ous *studies* shall be to draw *mirth* into a body,  
to analyse *laughter*, and to paraphrase upon  
the various *Texts* of all *delight*. My *recreations*  
shall be to still *Pleasure* into a *quintessence*, to  
reduce *Beauty* to her first principles, and to  
extract a perfect *Innocence* from the milk-white  
*poves of Venus*. Why should I spend my pre-  
vious minutes in the sullen and dejected shades  
of *sadness*? or ravel out my short-liv'd days  
in *solemn* and *heart-breaking Care*? Hours  
have *Eagles wings*, and when their hasty flight  
shall put a period to our numbred days, the  
world is gone with us, and all our forgotten  
joys are left to be enjoyed by the succeeding  
Generations, and we are snatch'd we know not  
how,

## a Judgment and Mercy Part I.

how, we know not whither, and wrapt in the dark bosom of eternal night. Come then, my soul, be wise, make use of the time present: that which is gone is past recalling, lost, and not to be redeemed. Eat thy Bread with a merry heart, and gulp down care in frolick cups of liberal Wine. Beguile the tedious nights with dalliance, and steep thy stupid senses in unctious and delightful sports: 'Tis all the portion that this transitory world can give thee. Let Music, Voices, Masques, midnight Revels, and all that melancholick wisdom censures vain, be thy delights; and let thy care-abjuring soul bear up and sweeten the short days of thy consuming youth. Follow the ways of thy own heart, and take the freedom of thy sweet delights. Leave no delight untried, and spare no cost to heighten up thy Lusts. Take pleasure in the choice of pleasures, and please thy curious eyes with all varieties, to satisfie thy soul in all things which thy heart desires. I but, my soul, when those evil days shall come wherein thy wasting pleasures shall present their Items to thy bed-rid view, when all diseases and the evils of age shall muster up their Forces in thy crazie bones, where be thy comforts then?

### His Sentence.

Consider, O my soul, and know that the day will come, and after that another, wherein for all these things

Eccles. 11. 9.

God will bring thee to judgments.

His

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## Part I. for afflicted souls. 3

### His Proofs.

Prov. 14. 13.

*E*ven in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness.

Eccles. 2. 1, 2.

I said in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; and therefore enjoy pleasure: and behold this also is vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doth it?

Jam. 5. 5.

I have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter.

Eccles. 7. 4.

The heart of the wise man is in the house of mourning: but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.

---

### Hisd. in Synonymis.

Pleasure is an Inclination to the unprofitable objects of a corrupted mind, allured with a momentary sweetnes.

Hugo.

Sensuality is an immoderate indulgence of the flesh, a sweet poison, a strong plague, a dangerous position, which effeminatesthe body, and encrustesthe soul.

Cass. lib. 4. Ep.

They are most sensible of the burthen of affliction that are most taken with the pleasures of the flesh.

His

## His Soliloquy.

What hast thou now to say, O my soul, why this *judgement*, seconded with divine *proofs*, back'd with the *harmony* of holy men, should not proceed against thee? Dally no longer with thy own *Salvation*, nor flatter thy own *Corruption*. Remember, the wages of flesh are *sin*, and the wages of sin *Death*. God hath threatened it, whose *judgments* are terrible; God hath witnessed it, whose *words* are truth. Consider then, my soul, and let not *memento* *pleasures* flatter thee into *eternity* of torments. How many that have *trod thy steps* are now roaring in the *flames of Hell*? and yet thou triflest away the time of thy *Repentance*. O my poor deluded soul, presume no longer; Repent to day, lest to morrow come too late. Or couldst thou travel out thy days beyond *Jerusalem*, tell me, alas! what will *Eternity* be the shorter for the deduction of a thousand years? Be wisely provident therefore, O my soul, and bid *vanity*, the common sorceress of the world, farewell. Life and death are yet before thee; Choose life, and the God of life will seal thy choice. Prostrate thy self before him who delights not in the *death of a sinner*, and present thy Petitions to him who can deny thee nothing in the name of a *Saviour*.

## His Prayer.

O God, in the beauty of whose holiness is the true joy of those that love thee, the full happiness of those that fear thee, and the only safety of those that prize thee, in respect of which latter the transitory pleasures of the world are less than nothing, in comparison of which the greatest wisdom of the world is folly, and the glory of the earth but dross and dung; how dares my boldness thus presume to press into thy glorious presence? What can my prayers expect but thy just wrath and heavy indignation? O what return can the tainted breath of my polluted lips deserve, but to be bound hand and foot, and cast into the flames of Hell? But, Lord, the merits of my Saviour are greater than the fences of a sinner, and the sweetness of thy mercy exceeds the sharpness of my misery. The horror of thy judgments hath seized upon me, and I languish through the sense of thy displeasure. I have forsaken thee, the rest of my distressed soul, and set my affections upon the vanity of the deceitful world; I have taken pleasure in my foolishness, and have vaunted myself in mine iniquity; I have flattered my soul with the honey of delights, whereby I am made sensible of the sting of my affliction: therefore I loath and utterly abhor my self, and from the bottom of my heart repent in dust and ashes. Behold, O Lord, I am impure and vile, and have wallowed in the puddle of mine own

## 6. Judgment and Mercy Part I

own Corruptions. The Sword of thy displeasure is drawn out against me, and what shall plead, O thou preserver of mankind? Make me a new Creature, O my God, and destroy the old man within me. Remove my affection from the love of transitory things, that I may run the way of thy Commandments. Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and make thy Testimonies my whole delights. Give me strength to discern the emptiness of the creature and inebriate my heart with the fulness of thy Joys. Be thou my portion, O God, at whose right hand stand pleasures for evermore. Be thou my refuge and my shield, and suffer me not to sink under the corruptions of my heart. Let not the house of mirth beguile me, but give me a sense of the evil to come. Accept the free-will-offerings of my mouth, and grant my petitions for the honour of thy Name. Then will I magnifie thy mercies, O God, and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Bernard.

*Delicate and tender members become not a bush  
stuck with thorns.*

Anonym.

*The pleasure of sin vanishes, the guilt remains  
and the punishment is eternal.*

## The Vain-glorious mans Vaunt.



Hath tell'st thou me of Conscience or a pious life? They are good trades for a leaden spirit, that can stand bent to every frown, and wants the brains to make a bigger Fortune, or courage to achieve that honour which might gloriſe their names, and write their memories in the chronicles of Fame. 'Tis true, Humility is a needful gift in those that have no Quality to exercise their pride; and Patience is a necessary Grace to keep the world in peace, and him that hath it in a whole skin, and often proves a virtue born of a mere necessity. And civil Honesty is a fair presence for him that hath no wit to act the Knavery, and makes a man capable of a little higher style than Fool. And blushing Modesty is a pretty innocent quality, and serves to vindicate an easie nature from the imputation of all ill-breeding. These are inferior Graces, that have not got a good opinion in the dull wisdom of the world, and appear like water among the Elements, to moderate the body Politick, and keep it from combustion; nor do they come into the work of honour. Virtue consists in Action, and the reward of Action is Glory. Glory is the great soul of the little world, and is the Crown of all sublime attempts, and the point whereto the crooked ways of policy are all concentrick. Honour consists not with a pious life.

## 8 Judgment and Idocy Part I.

life. Let those that are ambitious of a religious reputation abjure all honourable Titles, and let their dough-bak'd spirits take a pride in sufferance (the Anvil of all injuries) and be thankfully bastled into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, murtherers, treasons, dispossessions, riots are venial things to men of honour, and often co-incident in high pursuits. Had my dull Conscience stood upon such nice points, that little honour I have won had glorified some other arm, and left me begging Morsels at his Princely gates. Come, come, my soul, *factum iurat, quod fieri non licet.* Fear no to do, what crowns thee being done. Ride on with thy honour, and create a name to live with fair Eternity. Enjoy thy purchas'd Glory as the merit of thy renowned Actions, and let thy memory entail it to succeeding generations. Make thy own game: and if thy Conscience check thee, correct thy saucy Conscience till she stand as mute as metamorphos'd Niobe. Fear not the frowns of Princes, nor the imperious hand of various Fortune: Thou art too bright for the one to obscure, and too great for the other to cry down.

## His Verdict.

But hark, my soul, I hear a voice that thunders in mine ear.

Hos. 4. 7.

I will change their glory into shame.

Hi

His Proofs.

Psal. 49. 20.

**M**AN that is born in honour and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

Prov. 25. 27.

It is not good to eat too much Honey : so for men to search their own glory is not glory.

Jer. 9. 23.

thus faith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches : but let him that glorifieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord.

Gal. 5. 26.

Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, &c.

---

S. August.

The vain-glory of the world is a deceitful sweetnes, an unfruitful labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous bravery, begun without providence, and finished not without repentance.

Chrysost.

If thou desirest to be magnified and accounted honourable, despite honour, so shalt thou be honored even of all.

S. Greg.

He that makes transitory honour the reward of a good work, sets eternal glory at a low rate.

## His Soliloquy.

Vain-glory is a Froth, which blown off doth  
 covers a great want of measure. Can  
 thou, O my soul, be guilty of such an empti-  
 ness, and not be challeng'd? Canst thou ap-  
 pear in the searching eye of heaven, and no  
 expect to be cast away? Deceive not thy self  
 O my soul, nor flatter thy self with thine own  
greatness. Search thy self to the bottom, and  
 thou shalt find enough to humble thee. Do  
 thou glory in the favour of a Prince? The  
 frowns of a Prince determine it. Dost thou  
 glory in thy strength? A poor Ague betrays it.  
 Dost thou glory in thy wealth? The hand of  
 thief extinguishes it. Behold, my soul, how  
 like a Bubble thou appearest, and with a Sigh  
 break into sorrow. The gate of heaven  
 strait; canst thou hope to enter without break-  
 ing? The Bubble that would pass the Floud-  
 gates must first dissolve. My soul, melt thee  
 in tears, and empty thy self of all thy vanity  
 and thou shalt find divine Repletion; evaporate  
 in thy Devotion, and thou shalt recruit thy  
 greatness to eternal Glory.

Anonym.

Remember, O man, from whence thou wert taken  
 and that thou art brother to the dung-hill.

## His Prayer.

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A N D can I chuse, O God, but tremble  
at thy Judgments? Or can my stony heart  
not stand amazed at thy Threatnings? It is  
thy voice, O God, and thou hast spoken it : It  
is thy voice, O God, and I have heard it. Hadst  
thou so dealt by me as thou didst by Babel's  
proud King, and driven me from the sons of  
men, thou hadst but done according to thy  
righteousness, and rewarded me according to  
my deservings. What couldst thou see in me  
less worthy of thy vengeance, than in him the  
example of thy justice? or, Lord, wherein am  
I more incapable of thy indignation? There is  
nothing in me to move thy mercy but my mi-  
stry: Thy goodness is thy self, and hath no  
ground but what proceedeth from it self: yet  
have I sinned against that goodness, and have  
thereby heaped up wrath against the day of  
wrath; insomuch that, had not thy grace  
abounded with my sin, I had long since been  
confounded in my sin, and swallowed up in the  
Gulf of thy displeasure. But, Lord, thou takest  
no delight to punish, and with thee is no re-  
spect of persons: Thou takest no pleasure in  
the confusion of thy creature, but rejoycest ra-  
ther in the conversion of a sinner. Convert me  
herefore, O God, I shall be then converted:  
make me sensible of my own corruptions,  
that I may see the vileness of my own con-  
dition. Pull down the pride of my ambitio-

ones heart ; bumble me, thou O God, and I shall be humbled ; wean me from the thirst of transitory honour, and let my whole delight be to glory in thee. Touch thou my conscience with the fear of thy name, that in all my actions I may fear to offend thee. Endue me, O Lord, with the spirit of meekness, and teach me to overcome evil with a patient heart : moderate and curb the exorbitances of my passion, and give me a temperate use of all thy creatures. Replenish my heart with the Graces of thy spirit, that in all my ways I may be acceptable in thy sight. In all conditions give me a contented mind, and upon all occasions grant me a grateful heart ; that honouring thee here in the Church Militant before men, I may be glorified hereafter in the Church Triumphant before thee and Angels ; where filled with true glory according to the measure of Grace thou shalt be pleased to give me here, I may with Angels and Arch-angels praise thy Name for ever and ever hereafter.

S. Chrysost.

*They who have despised all the temptations of riches, and have defiled themselves with no worldly imagination, and have nobly resisted the strong impulses of concupiscence, oftentimes being overcome with vain-glory have lost all.*

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## The Oppressors Plea.

**I** Seek but what's my own by *Law*; It was his own free *Act* and *Deed*: The execution lies for goods or body, and goods' or body, I will have, or else my money. What if his beggerly *children* pine, or his proud wife perish? They perish at their own charge, not mine; and what is that to me? I must be paid, or he lie by it until I have my utmost farthing, or his bones. The *Law* is just and good, and being ruled by that, how can my fair proceedings be *unjust*? What's thirty in the hundred to a man of Trade? Are we born to thrum Caps or pick Straws? and sell our liberty for a few tears, and a whining face? I thank God they move me not so much as a barking dog at midnight. I'll give no day if heavit self would be security: I must have present money, or his bones. The *Commodity* was good enough, as wares went then; and had he had but a thriving wit, with the necessary help of a good merchandable *conscience*, he might have gained perchance as much as now he lost: but howsoever, gain or not gain, I must have my money. Two tedious Terms my dearest gold hath lain in his unprofitable hands. The cost of *Suits* hath made me bleed above a score of *Royals*, besides my *Interf<sup>t</sup>*, travel, half-pints and bribes; all which does but increase my beggerly defendants damages, and sets

sets him deeper on my score : but right's right, and I will have my *money* or his *bones*. Fifteen shillings in the pound composition ! I'le hang first. Come, tell not me of a *good conscience* ; a *good conscience* is no parcel of my trade ; it hath made more *Bankrupts* than all the loose wives in the universal City. My *conscience* is no fool : It tells me that my own's my own, and that a well-cramm'd *bag* is no deceitful friend, but will stick close to me when all my friends forsake me. If to gain a *good estate* out of nothing, and to regain a desperate debt which is as good as nothing, be the fruits and sign of a *bad conscience*, God help the *good*. Come, tell not me of griping and *Oppression*. The world is hard, and he that hopes to thrive must gripe as hard. What I give I give, and what I lend I lend. If the way to heaven be to turn *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it. I know not what you call *Oppression* ; the *Law* is my direction, but of the two it is more profitable to oppress than to be opprest. If debtors would be honest and discharge, our hands were bound ; but when their failing offends my *bags*, they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I must right them.

But ha ! what voice is this that whispers in mine ear ?

### *His Punishment.*

*The Lord will spoil the soul of the Oppressors,*  
*Prov. 22. 23.*

## His Proofs.

Prov. 22. 22, 23.

**R**O B not the poor because he is poor, neither oppress the afflicted in the gates: For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of them that have spoiled him.

Ezek. 22. 29, 31.

The people of the land have used oppression, and exercised Robbery, and have vexed the poor and needy; yea they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully: Therefore I have poured out my indignation upon them; I have consumed them with the fire of my wrath.

Zech. 7. 9, &amp;c.

Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother, and oppress not the widow nor the fatherless, nor the stranger nor the poor, and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his brother. But they refused to hearken; therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of Hosts.

Bern. p 1691.

We ought so to care for our selves, as not to neglect the due regard of our neighbour.

Bern. Ibid.

He that is not merciful to another shall not find mercy from God: but if thou wilt be merciful and compassionate, thou shalt be a benefactor to thy own soul.

## His Soliloquy.

Is it wisdom in thee, O my soul, to covet a happiness, or rather to account it so, that is sought for with a judgment, obtained with a curse, and punished with damnation; and to neglect that good which is assured with a promise, purchased with a blessing, and rewarded with a Crown of Glory? Canst thou hold it a full estate, a good penitence, which is bought with the dear price of thy God's displeasure? Tell me, What continuance can that Inheritance promise that is raised upon the ruins of thy Brother? Or what mercy canst thou expect from heaven, that hast denied all mercy to thy Neighbour? O my hard-hearted soul, consider, and relent: Build not an house whose posts are subject to be rotted with a curse: Consider what the God of truth hath threatened against thy cruelty: Relent and turn compassionate, that thou maist be capable of his compassion. If the desire of Gold hath hardened thy heart, let the tears of true Repentance mollifie it: soften it with Aarons ointment, until it become like Wax, to take the impression of that seal which must confirm thy Pardon.

Prov. 3. 23.

Drink waters out of thine own Cistern.

His

## His Prayer.

Blest will my God be now entreated? Is nee-  
my crying sin too loud for Pardon? Am I  
not sunk too deep into the Jaws of Hell, for  
thy strong arm to rescue? Hath not the hard-  
ness of my heart made me uncapable of thy  
compassion? O if my tears might wash away  
my sin, my head should turn a living Spring.  
Lord, I have heard thee speak, and am afraid;  
the word is past, and thy judgments have  
found me out. Fearfulness and trembling are  
come upon me, and the Jaws of Hell have over-  
whelmed me. I have oppressed the poor, and  
added affliction to the afflicted, and the voice of  
their misery is come before thee. They be-  
sought me with tears, and in the anguish of  
their souls, but I have stopt mine ears against  
the cry of their complaint. But, Lord, thou  
walkest not the ways of man, and remembrest  
mercy in the midst of thy wrath; for thou art  
good and gracious, and ready to forgive, and  
plenteous in compassion to all that shall call  
upon thee. Forgive me, O God, my sins that  
are past, and deliver me from the guilt of my  
Oppression. Take from me, O God, this heart  
of stone, and create in me a heart of flesh. Af-  
swage the vehemency of my desires to the  
things below, and satisfie my soul with the suf-  
ficiency of thy Grace. Inflame my affections,  
that I may love thee with a filial love; and en-  
cline me to relie upon thy fatherly providence,

Let

Let me account godliness my greatest gain, and subdue in me my lusts after filthy lucre. Preserve me, O Lord, from the vanity of self-love, and plant in my affections the true love of my neighbours. Endue my heart with the bowels of compassion, and then reward me according to thy righteousness. Direct me, O God, in the ways of my life, and let a good Conscience be my continual comfort. Give me a willing heart to make restitution of what I have wrongfully gotten by oppression. Grant me a lawful use of all thy Creatures, and a thankful heart for all thy benefits. Be merciful to all thole that groan under the burthen of their own wants, and give them patience to expect thy deliverance. Give me a heart that may acknowledge thy favours, and fill my tongue with praise and thanksgiving: that living here a new life, I may become a new creature; and being ingrafted in thee by the power of thy grace, I may bring forth fruit to thy honour and glory.

## S. Chrysost.

God is not honoured in the expence of that money which is bedewed with the tears of the Oppressed.

Sol.

He that oppresseth the poor upbraideth his Master.

*The Drunkard's Jubilee.*

Hat Complement will the severer world allow to the *vacant hours* of frolick-hearted youth? How shall their free, their jovial spirits entertain their time, their friends? What Oyl shall be infused into the Lamp of dear society, if they deny the privilege of a civil rejoicing Cup? It is the life, the radical humour of *united souls*: whose love-digestive heat even ripens and ferments the green materials of a plighted faith; without the help whereof new married friendship falls into divorce, and joyn'd acquaintance soon resolves into the first Elements of *strangeness*. What mean these strict Reformers thus to spend their hour-glasses, and bawle against our harmless cups? to call our meetings *Riots*, and brand our civil mirth with stiles of loose *Intemperance*? when they can sit at a Sisters Feast, devour and gormondize beyond excess, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and cloath their surfeits in the long fustian Robes of a tedious *Grace*. Is it not much better in a fair friendly *Round* (since youth must have a swing) to steep our soul-afflicting sorrows in a chirping *Cup*, than hazard our estates upon the abuse of providence in a foolish cast at *Dice*? or at a *Cock-pit* leave our doubtful fortunes to the mercy of unmerciful contention? or spend our wanton days in sacrificing costly presents to

to a *fleshy Idol*? Was not *Wine* given to exhilarate the *drooping hearts* and rouse the drowsy spirits of *dejected souls*? Is not the liberal *Cup* of the *Sucking-bottle* of the sons of *Phœbus*, to solace and refresh their palates in the nights of sad *Invention*? Let dry-brain'd *Zelotes* spend their idle breaths; my *cups* shall be my *cordials* to restore my *care* befeebled *heart* to the true *Temper* of a well-complexioned *mirth*. My solid *Brains* are potent, and can bear enough, without the least offence to my di-stempered *Senses*, or interruption of my boon companions. My *tongue* can in the very *Zenith* of my *Cups* deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts with better sense than these my grave *Reformers* can their best advised *prayers*. My *Constitution* is pot-proof, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendious vessel that ever sailed upon the tides of *Bacchus*. My *Reason* shrinks not; my *Passion* burns not.

O but, my soul, I hear a threatening voice  
that interrupts my language.

Esay 5. 22.

We be to them that are mighty to drink Wine.

## His Proofs.

Prov. 20. 1.

**W**ine is a mocker; strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Esay 5. 11.

We be to them that rise up early in the morning to follow strong drink; that continue till night, until wine inflame them.

Prov. 23. 20.

Be not amongst wine-bibbers.

1 Cor. 5. 11.

Now I have written unto you, not to keep company; if any that is called a brother be a drunkard, with such a one no not to eat.

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Aug. in lib. Poen.

Whilst the drunkard swallows wine, wine swallows him; God disregards him, Angels despise him, Men deride him, Virtue declines him, the Devil destroys him.

Aug. ad sec. Virg.

Drunkenness is the mother of all evil, the master of all mischief, the well-spring of all vices, the trouble of the senses, the tempest of the tongue, the shipwreck of chastity, the consumption of time, as voluntary madness, the corruption of manners, the distemper of the body, and the destruction of the soul.

His

*His Soliloquy.*

MY soul, it is the voice of God, digested into a judgment. There is no kicking against Pricks, or arguing against a divine Truth. Pleadest thou Custom? Custom in ~~it~~ multiplies it. Pleadest thou Society? Society in the offence aggravates the punishment, Pleadest thou help to Invention? Woe be to that barrenness that wants such showers. Pleadest thou strength to bear much Wine? Woe to those that are mighty to drink strong drink. My soul, thou hast sinned against thy Creator, in abusing that creature he made to serve thee; Thou hast sinned against the creature, in turning it to the Creator's dishonour; Thou hast sinned against thy self, in making thy comfort thy confusion. How many want that blessing thou hast turn'd into a curse? How many thirst whilst thou surfeitest? What satisfaction wilt thou give to the Creator, to the creature, to thy self, against all whom thou hast transgressed? To thy self, by a sober life; to the creature, by a right use; to thy Creator, by a true Repentance: the way to all which is Prayer and Thanksgiving.

## His Prayer.

H <sup>O</sup> W truly then, O God, this heavy woe belongs to this my boasted sin? How many judgments are comprised and abstracted in this woe, and all for me, even me, O God, the miserable subject of thy eternal wrath; even me, O Lord, the mark whereat the shafts of thy displeasure level? Lord, I was a sinner in my first conception, and in sin hath my mother brought me forth: I was no sooner, but I was a slave to sin; and all my life is nothing but the practice and trade of high Rebellion. I have turn'd thy blessings into thy dishonour, and all thy graces into wantonness. Yet hast thou been my God even from the very womb, and didst sustain me when I hung upon my mother's breast. Thou hast washed me, O Lord, from my pollution; but like a Swine I have returned to my mire. Thou hast glaunced into my breast the blessed motions of thy holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the spring-tides of my in-born corruption. I have vomited up my filthiness before thee, and like a dog have I returned to my vomit. Be merciful, O God, unto me. Have mercy on me, O thou Son of David. I cannot, O Lord, expect the childrens bread; yet suffer me to lick the crums that fall beneath their table. I that have so oft abused the greatest of thy blessings, am not worthy of the meanest of thy favours. Look, look upon me according to the goodness of thy mercy,

## 24. Judgment and Mercy Part II.

mercy, and not according to the greatness of my offences. Give me, O God, a sober heart, and a lawful moderation in the enjoyment of thy Creatures. Reclaim my appetite from unpleasurable delights, lest I turn thy blessings into a curse. In all my dejection be thou my comfort, and let my rejoicing be only in thee. Propose to mine eyes the evillnes of my days, and make me careful to redeem my time. Wean me from the pleasure of vain society, and let my Companions be such as fear thee. Forgive all such as have been partners in my sin, and turn their hearts to the obedience of thy Laws. Open their ears to the reproofs of the wife, and make them powerful in reformation. Allay that lust which my intemperance hath inflam'd, and cleanse my affections with the grace of thy good spirit. Make me thankful for the strength of my body, that I may for the time to come returne to the advantage of thy glory.

### S August.

It is most shameful, that lust should subdue him whom the strength of man cannot : that he should be overcome with wine, that scorns to stoop to another's sword.

Eccluse. 31. 25.

Show not thy valiantness in wine, for wine hath destroyed many.

The

## The Swearers Apologie.

**V**ill Boanerges never cease? And will these Plague-denouncers never leave to thunder judgments in my trembling ear? Nothing but plagues? nothing but judgments? nothing but damnation? What have I done to make my case desperate? And what have they not done to make my soul despair? Have I set up false Gods like the Egyptians? Or have I bowed before them like the Israelites? Have I violated the Sabbath like the Libertines? Or, like cursed Cham, have I discovered my fathers nakedness? Have I embrued my hands in blood like Barabbas? Or like Absolom defiled my fathers Bed? Have I like Jacob supplanted my elder brother? Or like Abab intruded into Nabobs Vineyard? Have I born false witness like the wanton Elders? Or like David covered Uriahs wife? Have I not given Tithes of all I have? Or hath my purse been hide-bound to my hungry brother? Hath not my life been blameless before men? and my demeanour unreprovable before the world? Have I not hated Vice with a perfect hatred? and countenanc'd virtue with a due respect? What mean these strict observers of my life, to ransack every action, to carp at every word, and with their sharp censorious tongues to sentence every frailty with damnation? Is there no alluviance to humanity?

humanity? No Grains to flesh and bloud? Are we all Angels? Has mortality no privilege to supersede it from the utmost punishment of a little necessary frailty? Come, come, my soul, let not these judgment-thunders fright thee: Let not these Qualms of their exuberant Zeal disturb thee. Thou hast not cursed like Shimei, nor rail'd like Rabshakeh; nor lied like Ananias, nor slander'd like thy accusers. They that censure thy Gnats swallowed their own Camels. What if the luxuriant style of thy discourse do chance to strike upon an obvious Oath? art thou straight hurried into the bosom of a Plague? What if the custom of a harmless Oath should captivate thy heedless tongue? can nothing under sudden judgment seize upon thee? What if another's diffidence should force thy earnest lips into a hasty Oath, in confirmation of a suffering truth? must thou be straightways branded with damnation? Was Joseph mark'd for everlasting death, for swearing by the life of Egypt's King? Was Peter when he so denied his Master, straight damn'd for swearing, and forswearing? O flatter not thy self, my soul, nor turn thou Advocate to so high a sin: Make not the slips of Saints a president for thee to fall.

### *His Arraignment.*

If the Rebukes of flesh may not prevail, hear then the threatening of the Spirit, which saith, *The Plague shall not depart from the house of the Swearer.*

*His*

L.

# Part I. for afflicted souls.

27

## His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 7.

**T**HOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE NAME OF THE LORD THY GOD IN VAIN; FOR THE LORD WILL NOT HOLD HIM GUILTY THAT TAKETH HIS NAME IN VAIN.

Zech. 5. 3.

AND EVERY ONE THAT SWEARETH SHALL BE CUT OFF.

Matth. 5. 34, &c.

SWEAR NOT AT ALL: NEITHER BY HEAVEN, FOR IT IS GOD'S THRONE; NOR BY EARTH, FOR IT IS HIS FOOTSTOOL: BUT LET YOUR COMMUNICATION BE YEA, YEA, NAY, NAY; FOR WHATSOEVER IS MORE THAN THESE COMETH OF EVIL.

Jer. 23. 10.

BECAUSE OF SWEARING THE LAND MOURNETH.

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## August. in Ser.

THE MURDERER KILLETH THE BODY OF HIS BROTHER; BUT THE SWEARER MURKETH HIS OWN SOUL.

## August. in Psal. 88.

IT'S WELL THAT GOD HATH FORBIDDEN MAN TO SWEAR, LEFT BY CUSTOM OF SWEARING (INASMUCH AS WE ARE APT TO MISTAKE) WE COMMIT PERJURY: THERE'S NONE BUT GOD CAN SAFELY SWEAR, BECAUSE THERE'S NO OTHER BUT MAY BE DECEIVED.

## August. de Mendacio.

I SAY UNTO YOU, SWEAR NOT AT ALL; LEFT BY SWEARING YE COME TO A FACILITY OF SWEARING, FROM A FACILITY TO A CUSTOM, AND FROM A CUSTOM YE FALL INTO PERJURY.

His

*His Soliloquy.*

O What a judgment is here ! How terrible ! How full of execution ! The Plague ! the extract of all diseases ! none so mortal, none so comfortless ! it makes our house a Prison, our friends strangers. No comfort but in the expectation of the months end. I, but this judgment excludes that comfort too ; *The Plague shall never depart from the house of the swearer.* What never ? Death will give it a Period. No, but it shall be entail'd upon his house, his family. O detestable ! O destructive sin ! that leaves a Cross upon the doors of Generations, and lays whole families upon the dust. A sin whereto neither Profit incites, nor Pleasure allures, nor Necessity compels, nor Inclination of nature persuades ; a mere voluntary, begun with a malignant imitation, and continued with an habitual presumption. Consider, O my soul, every Dash hath been a nail to wound that Saviour whose bloud (O mercy above expression ! ) must save thee : Be sensible of thy Actions and his sufferings : Abhor thy self in dust and ashes, and magnifie his mercy that hath turn'd this judgment from thee. Go, wash those wounds which thou hast made with tears, and humble thy self with Prayer and true Repentance.

## His Prayer.

Eternal and omnipotent God, before whose glorious name Angels and Archangels bow and hide their faces, to which the blessed Spirits and Saints of thy triumphant Church sing forth perpetual *Hallelujahs*; I, a poor Sprig of disobedient *Adam*, do here make bold to take that holy Name into my sin-polluted lips. I have heinously sinned, O God, against thee, and against it; I have disparaged it in my thoughts, dishonoured it in my words, profaned it in my actions; and I know thou art a jealous God, and a consuming fire, as faithful in thy promises, so fearful in thy judgments. I therefore fly from the dreadful name of *Jehovah*, which I have abused, to that gracious name of *Jesus*, wherein thou art well pleased: in that most sacred Name, O God, I fall before thee, and for his beloved sake, O Lord, I come unto thee. Cleanse thou my heart, O God, and then my tongue shall praise thee: wash thou my soul, O Lord, and then my lips shall bless thee. Work in my heart a fear of thy displeasure, and give me an awful reverence of thy Name. Set thou a watch before my lips, that I offend not with my tongue. Let no respects entice me to be an instrument of thy dishonour, and let thy attributes be precious in my eyes: teach me the way of thy Precepts, O Lord, and make me sensible of all my offences. Let not my sinful customs in sinning

sinning against thy Name take from my guilty soul the sense of my sin. Give me respect unto all thy Commandments; but especially preserve me from the danger of this my bosom sin. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy servants, and strike into my inward parts a fear of thy judgments. Let all my communication be order'd as in thy presence, and let the words of my mouth be governed by thy Spirit. Avert those judgments from me which thy Word hath threatned, and my sin hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution for the time to come. Work in me a true godly sorrow, that it may bring forth in me a newnes of life. Sanctifie my thoughts with the continual meditation of thy Commandments, and mortifie those passions which provoke me to offend thee. Let not the examples of others induce me to this sin, nor let the frailties of my flesh seek Fig-leaves to cover it. Seal in my heart the full assurance of thy Reconciliation and look upon me in the bowels of compassion that crowning my weak desires with thy All sufficient power, I may escape this judgment which thy justice hath threatned here, and obtain that happiness thy mercy hath promised hereafter.

S. Chrysost.

*There is none that useth to swear often, but will sometimes chance to forswear: as he that giveth the reins to his tongue too much, often speaketh that which he blushes for in silence.*

*The Procrastinator's Remora's.*

ELL me no more of Fasting,  
Prayer, and Death : They fill my  
thoughts with damps of Melan-  
choly. These are no subjects for  
a youthful ear; no contempla-  
tions for an active soul. Let them whom ful-  
len Age hath weaned from aerty pleasures,  
whom wayward fortune hath condemned to  
sighs and groans, whom sad diseases have belli-  
ved to drags and diets; let them consume the  
remnant of their wretched days in dull devo-  
tion : Let them afflict their aking souls with  
the untunable discourses of mortality; let  
them contemplate on evil days, and read sharp  
lectures of their own experience. For me,  
my bones are full of unctuous marrow, and my  
ploud of sprightly Youth. My fair and free  
estate secures from the fears of fortune's frosty  
My strength of constitution hath the power to  
grapple with sorrow, sickness; nay the very  
angs of death, and overcome. 'Tis true,  
God must be sought: What impious tongue  
are be so basely bold to contradict so known a  
truth? And by Repentance too: What strange  
impety dare deny it? or what presumptuous  
wits dare disavow it? But there is a time for all  
but givings, yet none prefixt for this, no day design-  
ed; but, At what time soever. If my unseasonable  
heart should seek him now, the work would be  
so serious for so green a seeker. My thoughts are

yet unsettled, my fancy yet too-too gamesome, my judgment yet unsound, my will unsanctified. To seek him with an unprepared heart is the high way *not to find him*; or to find him with unsettled resolution is the next way to *lose him*; and indeed it wants but little of prophaneness to be unseasonably religious. What is ~~done~~ to be done, is long to be deliberated. ~~the~~ ~~boiling~~ pleasures of the rebellious flesh evaporate a little, and let me drain my boggy soul from those corrupted in-bred humors of collapsed nature: and when the tender blossom of my youthful vanity shall begin to fade, my settled understanding will begin to *knat*, my solid judgment will begin to *ripen*, my rightly-guided will will be resolved, both what to *seek*, and when to *find*, and how to *prize*: till then my tender youth, in her pursuit, will be disturb'd with every *blast* of honour, diverted with every *flash* of pleasure, milled by counsel, turned back with fear, puzl'd with doubt, interrupted by passion, withdrawn with prosperity, and discourag'd with adversity.

## His Repulse.

Take heed, my soul: when thou hast lost thyself in thy journey, how wilt thou find thy God at thy journeys end? whom thou hast lost by too long delay, thou wilt hardly find with too late a diligence. Take time while time shall serve; that day may come wherein,

Hos. 5. 6.

*Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt not find him.*

His

Part I. for afflicted Souls. 33

His Proofs.

Essay 55. 6.

**S**eek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.

Heb. 12. 17.

He found no place for repentance, though he sought it with tears carefully.

Luke 12. 20.

Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.

Revel 2. 21.

I gave her a space to repent, but she repented not: Behold therefore I will cast her, &c.

Greg. lib. Mor.

Seek God whilst thou canst not see him; for when thou seest him thou canst not find him: seek him by hope, and thou shalt find him by faith. In the day of grace he is invisible, but near; in the day of judgment he is visible, but far off.

Bern. Ser. 24.

If we would not seek God in vain, let us seek him in truth, often and constantly: Let us not seek another thing instead of him, nor any other thing with him, nor for any other thing leave him.

*His Soliloquy.*

O My soul, thou hast sought *wealth*, and hast either not found it, or *cares* with it: Thou hast sought for *pleasure*, and hast found it, but no *comfort* in it: Thou soughest *honour*, and hast found it, and perchance fallen with it: Thou soughest *friendship*, and hast found it *false*; *society*, and hast found it *vain*. And yet thy *God*, the fountain of all wealth, pleasure, honour, friendship and society, thou hast slighted as a toy not worth the finding. Be wise, my soul, and blush at thy own *folly*. Set thy desires on the right *object*. Seek *wisdom*, and thou shalt find knowledge, and wealth, and honour, and length of days. Seek *beaven*, and earth shall seek thee; and defer not thy *Inquest*, lest thou lose thy opportunity. To day thou maist find him whom to morrow thou maist seek with tears, and miss. Yesterday is too late, to morrow is uncertain, to day is only thine. I but, my soul, I fear me too long delay hath made this day too late. Fear not, my soul: he that has given thee his *Grace* to day will forget thy neglect of yesterday: seek him therefore by true *repentance*, and thou shalt find him in thy Pray-  
er.

## His Prayer.

O God, that like thy precious Word are  
bid to none but who are lost, and yet art  
found by all that seek thee with an upright  
heart, cast down thy gracious eye upon a lost  
sheep of Israel, strayed through the vanity of  
his unbridled youth, and wandred in the wil-  
derness of his own invention. Lord, I have  
too much delighted in mine own ways, and  
have put the evil day too far from me. I have  
wallowed in the pleasures of this deceitful  
world, which perish in the using, and have  
neglected thee my God, at whose right hand  
are pleasures for evermore. I have drawn on  
iniquity as with Cart ropes, and have commis-  
tered evil with greediness. I have quenched the  
motions of thy good spirit, and have delayed to  
seek thee by true and unfeigned repentance.  
Instead of seeking thee whom I have lost, I  
have withdrawn my self from thy presence  
when thou hast sought me. It were but justice  
therefore in thee to stop thine ears at my pe-  
titions, or turn my Prayers as sin into my bosom.  
But, Lord, thou art a gracious God, and  
full of pity and unwearied compassion, and thy  
loving-kindness is from generation to genera-  
tion. Lord, in not seeking thee I have utterly  
lost my self, and if thou find me not, I am lost  
for ever; and if thou find me, thou canst not but  
find me in my sins, and then thou findest me to  
my own destruction. How miserable, O Lord, is

## 36 Judgment and Mercy Part I.

my condition ! How necessary is my confession  
that have neglected to seek thee, and therefore  
am afraid to be found of thee ! But, Lord, if  
thou look upon the all-sufficient merits of thy  
Son, thy justice will be no loser in shewing  
mercy upon a sinner : In his name therefore I  
present my self before thee ; in his merits I  
make my humble approach unto thee : in his  
name I offer up my feeble Prayers ; for his mer-  
its grant me my petitions. Call not to mind  
the rebellions of my flesh, and remember not,  
O God, the vanities of my youth : Inflame my  
heart with the love of thy presence, and relish  
my meditations with the pleasure of thy sweet-  
ness. Let not the consideration of thy justice  
overwhelm me in despair, nor the meditation of  
thy mercy persuade me to presume. Sanctify  
my will by the wisdom of thy Spirit, that I  
may desire thee as the chiefest good. Quicken  
my desires with a fervent zeal, that I may see  
my Creator in the days of my youth. Teach  
me to seek thee according to thy will, and then  
be found according to thy promise ; that living  
in me here by thy grace, I may hereafter reign  
with thee in glory.

Greg.

God that hath promised pardon to the penitent, but  
not promised the respite of soorrow to the im-  
penitent sinner.

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# Part I. for afflicted Souls.

37

## The Hypocrite's Prevarication.

 Here is no such stuff to make a cloak on as Religion; nothing so fashionable, nothing so profitable: it is a Liver wherein a wise man may serve two masters, God and the world, and make a gainful service by either. I serve both, and in both myself, in prevaricating with both. Before man none serves his God with more severe devotion, for which among the best of men I work my own ends and serve my self. In private I serve the world, not with so strict devotion, but with more delight, where fulfilling of her servants lusts I work my end and serve my self. The house of Prayer who more frequents than I? In all Christian Duties who more forward than I? I fast with those that fast, that I may eat with thole that eat: I mourn with those that mourn. No hand more open to the cause than mine, and in their families none prays longer and with louder zeal. Thus when the opinion of a holy life hath cried the goodness of my Conscience up, my trade can lack no custom, my wares can want no price, my words can need no credit, my actions can lack no praise. If I am covetous, it is interpreted providence; if miserable, it is counted temperance; if melancholy, it is construed godly sorrow; if merry, it is voted spiritual joy; If I be rich, 'tis thought the blessing of a godly life; if poor,

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supposed.

supposed the fruit of *conscionable* dealing : if I be well spoken of, it is the merit of *holy conversation*; if ill, it is the *malice* of *Malignants*. Thus I sail with every wind, and have my *end* in all conditions. This *cloak* in *Summer* keeps me cool, in *Winter* warm, and hides my nasty *Bag* of all my *secret* *lusts*. Under this *Cloak* I walk in *publick* fairly with *applause*, and in *private* sin *securely* without *offence*, and *efficiate* *wisely* without *discovery*. I compals *Sea* and *Land* to make a *Proselyte*; and no sooner made, but he *makes* me. At a *Fast* I cry *Geneva*, and at a *Feast* I cry *Rome*. If I be *poor*, I *counterfeit abundance* to save my credit; if *Rich*, I *dissimble Poverty* to save charges. I most frequent *Schismatical Lectures*, which I find most *profitable*, from whence learning to divulge and maintain *new doctrines*, they maintain me in suppers thrice a week. I use the help of a *lie* sometimes, as a *Religious Strategem* to uphold the *Gospel*; and I colour *oppression* with God's judgments executed upon the wicked. *Charity* I hold an extraordinary *duty*, therefore not ordinarily to be performed. What I openly reprove abroad, for my own *profit*, that I secretly act at home, for my own *pleasure*.

*His Woe.*

But stay, I see a hand-writing in my heart damps my soul: 'tis charactered in these sad words.

Matth. 23. 13.  
*Woe be to you, Hypocrites!*

*His*

Part I. for afflicted souls. 39

His Proofs.

Job 20. 5.

The triumphing of the wicked is short, the joy of a hypocrite is but for a moment.

Job 15. 34.

The Congregation of the hypocrites shall be desolate.

Prov. 11. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour: but through knowledge shall the just be delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocritic.

Job 36. 13, 14.

The hypocrites in heart heap up wrath: They die in their youth, and their life is amongst the unclean.

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Salvian. de Gubern. Dei, l. 4.

The hypocrites love not those things they profess, and what they pretend in words they disclaim in practice: their sin is the more damnable because ushered in with pretence of piety, having the greater guilt because it obtains a godly repute.

Hieron. Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, than to be thought holy; for what profits it thee to be thought to be what thou art not? and that man doubles his guilt, who is not so holy as the world thinks him, and counterfeits that holiness which he bath not.

C 5

His

## His Soliloquy.

HOW like a living Sepulchre did I appear; without, beautified with Gold and rich invention; within, nothing but a loathed corruption? So long as this fair Sepulchre was clos'd, it past for a curious Monument of the Builders Art; but being opened by these spiritual Keys, 'tis nothing but a Receiptack of offensive putrefaction. In what a nasty dungeon hast thou, my soul, so long remain'd unstifled? How werst thou wedded to thy own corruptions, that could'st endure thy unsavoury filthiness? The world hated me, because I seemed good; God hated me, because I only seemed good. I had no friend but my self, and this friend was my bosom-enemy. O my soul, is there water enough in Jordan to cleanse thee? Hath Gil-lead Balm enough to heal thy superannuated sores? I have sinned: I am convinced, I am convicted. God's Mercy is above Dimensions, when sinners have not sinned beyond Repar-~~ance~~. Art thou, my soul, truly penitent for thy sin? Thou hast free interest in his mercy. Fall then, my soul, before his Mercy-seat, and he will crown thy Penitence with his pardon.

## His Prayer.

O God, before the brightness of whose All-discerning eye the secrets of my heart appear, before whose clear omniscience the very entrals of my soul lie open, who art a God of righteousness and truth, and lovest uprightness in the inward parts; How can I chuse but fear to thrust into thy glorious presence, or move my sinful lips to call upon that Name which I so often have dishonoured, and made a Cloak to hide the baseness of my close transgressions? Lord, when I look into the progress of my filthy life, my guilty conscience calls me to so strict account, and reflects me to so large an inventory of my presumptuous sins, that I commit a greater sin in thinking them more infinite than thy mercy. But, Lord, thy mercies have no date, nor is thy goodness circumscribed. The gates of thy compassion are always open to a broken heart, and promise entertainment to a contrite spirit. The burthen of my sins is grievous, and the remembrance of my hypocrisy is intolerable. I have sinned against thy Majesty with a high hand, but I repent me from the bottom of an humble heart: as thou hast therefore given me sorrow for my sins, so crown that gift in the freeness of Remission. Be fully reconcil'd to me through the All-sufficient merits of thy Son my Saviour, and seal in my afflicted heart the full assurance of thy gracious favour. Be thou exal'd

exalted, O God above the Heavens, and let me praise thee with a *single* heart. Cleanse thou my inward parts, O God, and purifie the closet of my polluted soul. Fix thou my *heart*, O thou searcher of all secrets, and keep my *affections* wholly to thee. Remove from me all *base* and *base respects*, that I may serve thee with an *upright* spirit. Take not the word of truth out of my mouth, nor give me over to *deceitful* lips. Give me an *inward* reverence of thy Majesty, that I might *openly confess* thee in the truth of my *sincerity*. Be thou the only *object* and *end* of all my actions; and let thy *honour* be my great reward. Let not the *hopes* of filthy lucre or the *praise* of men incline me to thee; neither let the *pleasure* of the world nor the *fears* of any *loss* entice me from thee. Keep me from those *judgments* my *hypocritic* hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution to abhor my former life. Give me strength, O God, to serve thee with a *perfect* *heart* in the *newness* of *life*, that I may be delivered from the *old man*, and the *shires* of *death*. Then shall I praise thee with my *entire* *affections*, and glori-fie thy name for ever and ever.

## Anonym.

*The Hypocrite, that deceives the eye of man, cannot the eye of God : He fears the eye of them that can only observe, but fears not the eye of God, who will certainly punish.*

## The Ignorant mans faulting.



OU tell me, and you tell me that I must be a *good man*, and serve God, and do his *will*; and so I do, for ought I know. I am sure I am as *good* as God has *made* me, and I can make my self no better, so I cannot. And as for serving God, I am sure I go to *Church* as well as the best in the Parish, though I be not so fine. And I make no question, if I had better cloaths, but I should do God as much credit as another man, though I say it. And as for doing God's *will*, I beshrew me, I leave that to them that are *book-learn'd* and can do it more wisely. I believe the *Vicar* of our Parish *can do* it, and *has done* it too, as well as any within five miles of his head: and what need I trouble my self to do what is so *well done* already? I hope he being so good a *Church-man*, and so great a *Schollard*, and can speak *Latin* too, would not leave that to so simple a man as I. It is enough for me to know that God is a *good man*; and that the ten *Commandments* are the best prayers in all the book, unless it be the *Creed*; and that I must love my *Neighbour* as well as he loves me: and for all other *Quilcomes*, they shall never trouble my brains, *an Grace a God*. Let me go a *Sundays* and serve God, obey the *Kyng* (*God bless him*) do no man no *wrong*, say the *Lord's prayer* every morning and evening, follow my work, give a *Noble* to the poor

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poor at my death, and then say, *Lord have mercy upon me*, and go away like a Lamb, I make no question but I shall deserve heaven as well as he that wears a gayer coat. But yet I'me not so ignorant neither, nor have not gone so often to Church, but I know Christ died for me too, as well as for any other man, I'de be sorry else; and that next to our Vicar, I shall go to heaven when I am dead as soon as another: nay more, I know there be two Sacraments, bread and wine, and but two, ( though the Papists say there be six or seven ) and that I verily believe I shall be saved by those Sacraments; and that I love God above all, or else 'twere pity of life; and that when I am dead and rotten ( as our Vicar told me ) I shall rise again and be the same man as I was. But for that he must excuse me, till I have better satisfaction: for all his leaching, he cannot make me such a fool, unless he shew me a better reason for't than yet he has done.

*His Award.*

But one thing he told me, now I think on't troubles me woundly, namely, that God is my Master, all which I confess; and that I must do his will ( whether I know how to do it or not ) or else it will go ill with me. I'le read it ( he said ) out of God's Bible; and I shall remember the words so long as I have a day to live, which are these,

Luke 13. 48.

*He that knoweth not his masters will, and doth things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes.*

H. S.

## His Proofs.

1 Cor. 14. 20.

**B**ethren, be not children in understanding : know not so much as to be malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.

1 Cor. 15. 34.

Awake to righteousness and sin not ; for some have not the knowledge of God : I speak it to your shame.

Ephes. 4. 18.

Walk not in the vanity of your minds, having the understanding darkned, being alienated from the life of God, through the Ignorance which is in you, because of the blindness of your hearts.

Levit. 5. 17.

And if a soul sin and commit any of these things which are forbidden to be done by the commandments of the Lord, though he twist it not, yet he is guilty, and shall bear his iniquity.

## Greg. Mag. Moral.

It is good to know much, and to live well : but if we cannot attain both, it is better to desire piety than wisdom ; for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth blessedness consist in intellectuals. The only brave thing is a religious life.

Just. Mart. resp. ad orthod.

To sin against knowledge is so much the greater offence than an ignorant trespass, by how much the crime which is capable of no excuse is more banious than that fault which admits a tolerable plea.

*His Soliloquy.*

HOW well it had been for thee, O my soul, if I had been book-learned ! Alas ! I cannot read, and what I hear I cannot understand ; I cannot profit as I should, and therefore cannot be as good as I would, for which I am right sorry. That I cannot serve God as well as my betters, hath been often a great grief to me ; and that I have been so ignorant in good things, hath been a great heart-breaking to me. I can say no prayers for want of knowledge to read, but *Our Father*, and the *Creed* : But the comfort is, God knows my heart. But I trust in God *Our Father*, being made by Christ himself, will be enough for me that know not how to make a better. I endeavour to do all our *Vicar* bids me ; and when I receive the *Communion* I truly forgive all the world for a fortnight after or such a matter : but then some old *injury* makes me forget my self ; but I cannot help it, an my life should lie on't. O my ingrant soul, what shall I do to be saved ? All that I can say is, *Lord have mercy upon me* ; and all that I can do is, but to do my good will : and that I'll do with all my heart, and say my *Prayers* too as well as God will give me leave, an grace a God.

## His Prayer.

O God the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon me miserable sinner. I am, as I must needs confess, a sinful man, as my forefathers were before me. I have heard many Sermons, and have had many good lessons from the mouths of painful Ministers; but through the dulness of my *understanding*, and for want of learning, I have not profited so much as else I should have done: spare me therefore, O God, spare me whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood, and be not angry for ever. I must confess the *painfulness* of my *calling* and the *heviness* of my own *nature* hath taken from me the delight of *tearing* thy word; and the ignorance of learning, which I was never brought up to, hath kept me from *reading* it; insomuch that, in stead of growing better, I fear I have grown worse and worse, and have been so far from doing thy *will*, that I do not understand what thy *will* is very well. But thou, O merciful God, that didst reveal thy self to poor *Shepherds* and *Fishermen*, that had no more learning than I; have mercy upon me for Jesus Christ his sake. Thou that hast promised to instruct the *simple*, and to lead the ignorant into thy way, be good and merciful to me, I beseech thee. Thou that drawest the *needy* out of the dust, and the *poor* out of the dunghil, give me the knowledge of thy *will*, and teach me how to serve thee. Rouse up the *drowsiness*

of

of my heart; open mine eyes that I may see the truth, and mine ears that I may understand thy Word; and strengthen my memory that I may lay it up in my heart, and shew it in my life and vocation to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord, write thy will in my heart, that when I know it, I may do it willingly. O teach me what thy pleasure is, that I may do my best to perform it. Give me faith to lay hold on Christ Jesus, who died for me, that after I am dead I may rise again and live with him. Give me a good heart, that I may deal honestly with all men, and do as I would be done to. Bless me in my calling, and prosper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feed me and cloath me, and to give to the poor. Mend all that is amiss in me, and expect from me according to the measure thou hast given me. Forgive me all my sins, and make me willing to please thee; that living a good life, I may make a gracious death, and so at last I may come to Heaven and live for ever, for Jesus Christ his sake, Amen.

Anonym.

*That only is the best knowledge that makes us better.*

Anonym.

*Ignorance will not excuse sin, when it self is a sin.*

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### The Slothful mans Slumber.



What a world of *Curses* the eating of the *forbidden fruit* hath brought upon mankind, and unavoidably entail'd upon the sons of men ! Among all which no one appears to me more terrible and full of sorrow, and bewraying greater wrath, than that insufferable, that horrible punishment of *labour*, and to purchase Bread with so extreme a price as *sweat*. But, O what hap, what happiness have they, whose dying parents have procured a quiet fortune for their unmolested children, and conveighed descended Rents to their succeeding heirs, whose *caste* and contented lives may sit and suck the sweetnes of their *quearless estates*, and with their folded hands enjoy the delicates of this toilsome world ! How blessed, how delicious are those *easie morsels*, that can find the way to my soft palat, and then attend upon the wanton leisure of my *felken slumbers*, without the painful practice of my bosom-folded bands, or sad contrivement of my studious and contracted *Brows* ! Why should I tire my tender youth, and torture out my groaning days in *soil* and *travel*, and discompose the happy peace of my harmonious thoughts with *painful grinding* in the common *mill* of dull mortality ? Why should I rob my craving eye-lids of their delightful Rest, to cark and care, and purvey for that *Bread* which

which every work-abhorring vagabond can  
find of *Aims* at every good mans door? Why  
should I leave the warm protection of my care-  
beguiling *Doune*, to play the droiling drudge  
for daily food, when the young empty *Ravens*  
(that have no hands to work, nor providence  
but heaven) can call and be supplied? The  
pale-faced *Lilly*, and the blushing *Rose* neither  
spin nor sow, yet princely *Solomon* was never  
robed with so much glory; and shall I then  
afflict my body, and beslave my heaven-born  
soul, to purchase *Rags* to cloath my nakedness?  
Is my condition worse than *Sheep* ordained for  
slaughter, that crop the springing grass, cloath-  
ed warm in soft *Raiment*, purchas'd without  
their providence or pains? Or shall the pam-  
per'd *Beast*, that shines with fatness and grows  
wanton through his careful *Grooms* indulgence,  
find better measure at the worlds too partial  
hands than I? Come, come, let those take  
*pains* that love to leave their names enroll'd in  
memorable monuments of *Parchment*. The  
day has grief enough without my help; and  
let to morrow's shoulders bear to morrow's bur-  
dens.

*His Doom.*

But stay, my soul, O stay thy rash resolves:  
take heed whilst thou avoidest the punishment  
of sin, *labour*, thou meet not the reward of idle-  
ness, a judgment.

Prov. 19. 5.

*The idle soul shall suffer hunger.*

His Proofs.

Eccles. 10. 18.

*By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.*

Ezek. 16. 49.

*Bebold this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom: pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her, and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy.*

Prov. 6. 6, 7, 8.

*Go to the Pishme, O sluggard, behold her ways and be wise. For she having no guide, governour nor ruler, prepareth her meat in Summer, and gathereth her food in harvest.*

Nilus in Parzenos.

*Idleness is the womb or fountain of all wickedness: for it consumes and wastes the riches and virtues which we have already, and disenables us to get those we have not.*

Ibid.

*Woe to the idle soul, for he shall hunger after that which his riot consumed.*

## His Soliloquy.

HOW presumptuously hast thou, my soul, transgress the express Commandment of thy God ! How hast thou dash'd thy self against his judgments ! How hath thy undeserving hand usurpt the diet, and wearest on thy back the wages of the painful soul ! Art thou not condemned to Rags, to Famine, by him whose Law commanded thee to labour ? And yet thou pamper'st up thy sides with stolen food, and yet thou deck'st thy wanton body with unearned ornaments ; whiles they that spend their daily strength in their commanded callings (whose labour gives them interest in them) want Bread to feed, and Rags to cloath them. Thou art no young Raven, my soul, no Lily. Where ability to labour is, there Providence meets action, and crowns it. He that forbids to care for to morrow, denies Bread to the Idleness of to day. Consider, O my soul, thy own delinquency, and let impenitence make thee capable of thy God's protection. The Bird that sits is a fair mark for the Fowler, while they that use the wing escape the danger. Follow thy calling, and heaven will follow thee with his Blessing. What thou hast formerly omitted, present repentance may redeem ; and what judgments God hath threatened, early Petitions may avert.

did only moveth me to strive to thy honour  
and my selfe by **His Prayer**. Beseeche therefore  
thee, O great and most glorious God, who for  
the sin of our first parents hast condemned  
our frail bodies to the punishment of labour,  
and hast commanded every one by *Cutting* and  
a *Trade* of life, that have idleness vs the root  
of evil, and threatenest poverty to the slothful  
hand; I thy poor suppliant convicted by thy  
judgments, and conscious of my own trans-  
gression, fly from thy self to Thee, and humbly  
appeal from the high *Tribunal* of thy Justice  
and seek for refuge in the *Sanctuary* of thy  
Mercy. Lord, I have led a life displeasing to  
thee, and have been a scandal to my profession;  
have slighted those *Blessings* which thy good-  
ness hath promised to a *conscientable calling*,  
and have swallowed down the *Bread* of *idle-  
ness*. I have impaired the *Talent* thou gavest  
me, and have lost the opportunity of doing  
much *good*. I have filled my heart with idle  
magninations, and have laid my self open to the  
wiles of the flesh. I have abused thy favours  
in the *wisexpending* of my precious time, and  
have taken no delight in thy Sabbaths. I have  
spent too much on the *pleasures* of this World,  
and like a *Draun* have fed upon the *bony* of  
these. If thou, O God, shouldst be extreme  
to search my ways with too severe an eye, thou  
ouldst not chuse but whet thy indignation, and  
pour the vials of thy wrath upon me. Look  
therefore not upon my sins, O Lord; but  
through

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through the *merits* of my Saviour, who hath made a full satisfaction for all my sins. What through my *weakness* I have failed to do, the *fulness* of his *sufferings* hath most exactly done. In him, O God, in whom thou art well pleased, and for his sake, be gracious to my sin. Alter my heart and make it willing to please thee, that in my life I may adorn my profession. Give me a care and a conscience in my *calling*, and grant thy blessing to the lawful labours of my hand. Let the fidelity of my vocation improve my *Talent*, that I may enter into my Master's joy. Rouse up the dulness and deadness of my heart, and quench those flames of lust within me. Assist me, O God, in the *Redemption* of my time, and deliver my soul from the evilness of my days. Let thy providence accompany my moderate *endeavours*, and let all my *employments* depend upon thy providence; that when the labours of this sinful world shall cease, I may feel and enjoy the benefit of a *good conscience*, and obtain the rest of a new Jerusalem in the Eternity of glory.

Anonym.

*He that is idle, is ready for Satan to set on work.*

The

## The Proud mans Ostentation.

**L**e make him feel the weight of my displeasure, and teach him to repent his saucy boldness. How dares his baseness once presume to breath so near my person, much more to take my name into his dung-hill mouth? Methinks the lustre of my sparkling eye might have had the power to alienish him into good manners, and sent him back to cast his mind into a fair Petition, humbly presented with his trembling hand. But thus to press into my presence, to press so near my face, and then to speak, and speak to me, as if I were his equal, is more than sufferable. The way to be honour'd is to digest contempt; but he that would be honour'd by the vulgar sort must wisely keep a distance. A countenance that's reserv'd breeds fear and observation; but affability and too easie an access makes fools too bold; and reputation cheap. What pride I set upon my own deserts, instructs opinion how to prize me. That which base ignorance miscalls thy pride, is but a conscious knowledge of thy merits. Dejected souls, craven'd with their own distrust, are this worlds Foot-balls to be kick'd and spurri'd in; but brave and true heroic spirits, that know the strength of their own worth, shall baffle baseness and presumption into a Reverential silence; and spight of envy flourish in an honourable repute. Come then, my soul, ad-

## 36 Judgment and Mercy Part I.

vance thy noble, thy sublimer thoughts, and prize thy self according to those parts, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none can equal. Let not the insolent affronts of vassals interrupt thy Peace, nor seem one scruple less than what thou art. Be thou thy self, regard thy self, receive thou honour from thy self; rejoice thy self in thy self, and prize thy self for thy self. Like Cesar, admit no equal; and like Pompey, acknowledge no superior. Be covetous of thine own honour, and hold another's glory as thy injury. Renounce humility as a Heresy in reputation, and weakness as the worst disease of a true-bred noble spirit. Disparage worth in all but in thy self, and make another's infamy afford to magnifie thy glory. Let such as have no reason to be proud, be bumbled of necessity; and let them that have no parts without, be despised. But as for thee, thy Conduct are good; and having skill enough to play thy hopeful Game, vie boldly, conquer and triumph.

*His Desolation.*

But say, my Soul, the Trump is yet unturn'd; hold not too soon, nor call it a fair day till night; the turning of a hand may make such alteration in thy flattering fortunes, that all thy glorious expectations may chance to end in loss and unsuspected ruine. That God which thrust the Babylonian Prince from his Imperial Throne, will graze with beasts, hath said,

Prov. 13. 25.

*The Lord will destroy the house of the proud.*

Elis Proofs.

Prov. 11. 2.

When pride cometh shew cometh shame; but  
with the lowly is wisdom.

Jer. 13. 15.

Hear ye, and give ear, and be not proud; for the  
Lord will spotteth.

Ezzy 2. 12.

The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one  
that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that  
is lifted up, and he shall be brought low.

Prov. 16. 5.

Every one that is proud in heart is abomination to  
the Lord; but he that is lowly in spirit is  
highly esteemed. James 4. 6. And giveth grace to the  
humble.

Micah. 6. 15.

He that made Satan fall from the highest heaven:  
therefore they that pride themselves in their vertues,  
imitate the Devil; and fall more dang-  
erously, because they aspire and climb so the high-  
est pitch, from whence is the greatest fall.

Greg. Mor.

He grows stronger in the riot whilst it braves it  
self with presumptuous advances, yet the higher  
it climbs the lower it falls: for he that heightens  
himself by his own pride is always destroyed by  
the judgment of God.

*His Soliloquy.*

HOW wert thou muffled, O my soul! How were thine eyes blinded with the corruption of thine own heart! When I beheld my self by my own light, I seem'd a glorious thing; my sun knew no eclipse, and all my imperfections were gilded over with vain glory; but now the day-spring from above hath shin'd upon my heart, and the divine light hath driven away those foggy mists, I find my self another thing; my Diamonds are all turn'd Pebbles, and my glory is turn'd to shame. O my deceived soul, how great a darkness was aby light! The thing that seem'd so glorious and sparkled in the night by day appears but rotten wood; and that bright *Gloe-worm*, that in darkness out-shined the *Chrysolite*, is by this new-found light no better than a crawling worm. How inseparable, O my soul, is pride and folly! which like *Hymen* and *Crates* twins still live and die together. It blinds the eye, beclouds the judgement, knows no superiors, hates equals, despairs inferiors; the wise mans scorn, and the fools *Iddol*. Renounce it, O my soul, lest thy God renounce thee. He that hath threatened to result the world hath promised to give Grace to the humble and what true Repentance speaks, free unhears and crowns.

## His Prayer.

O God the fountain of all true *Glory*, and the  
giver of all free grace, whose Name is  
only honourable and whose works are only  
glorious, that shewest thy ways to the meek,  
and takest compassion upon an *umble* spirit;  
that hastest the presence of a *lofty* eye, and  
destroystest the *proud* in the imaginations of  
their hearts; vouchsafe, O Lord, thy gracious  
ear, and hear the sighing of a contrite heart.  
I know, O God, the quality of my *sin* can look  
for nothing but the extremity of thy *wrath*;  
I know the crookedness of my condition can  
expect nothing but the *Furnace* of thy indigna-  
tion; I know the insolence of my corrupted  
nature can hope for nothing but the execution  
of thy judgements: Yet, Lord, I know withal  
thou art a gracious God, of evil repenting thee,  
and slow to wrath; I know thy nature and  
property is to shew compassion, apt to con-  
ceive, but readier to forgive; I know thou  
takest no pleasure in the destruction of a sinner,  
but rather that he should repent and live:  
In confidence and full assurance whereof I  
am here prostrate on my *bended* knees, and  
with an *umble* heart. Nor do I press into  
thy holy presence, trusting in my own merits,  
lest thou shouldest deal with *me* as I have dealt  
by others; but being encouraged by thy graci-  
ous invitation, and heavy laden with the bur-  
then of my sins, I come to thee, O God, who-

art the refuge of a wounded soul, and the Sanctuary of a broken spirit. Forgive, O God, forgive me what is past recalling, and make me circumspect for the time to come. Open mine eyes that I may see how vain a thing I am, and how polluted from my very birth. Give me an insight of my own corruptions, that I may truly know and loath myself. Take from me all vain-glory and self-love, and make me careless of the world's applause. Endue me with an humble heart, and take this haughty spirit from me. Give me a true discovery of my own merits, that I may truly fear and tremble at thy judgments. Let not the world's contempt deject me, nor the disrespects of men dismay me. Take from me, O God, a scornful eye, and curb my tongue that speaks presumptuous things. Plant in my heart a brotherly love, and cherish in me a charitable affection. Possess my soul with patience, O God, and establish my heart in the fear of thy name; that being humbled before thee in the meekness of my spirit, I may be exalted by thee through the freeness of thy Grace, and crowned with thee in the Kingdom of Glory.

**Anonym.**  
Pride is its own punishment, for nothing makes man more contemptible in the eyes of others.

**Th**

## The Croctous man's care.



Believe me, the *Times* are hard and dangerous; *Charity* is grown cold, and *Friends* uncomfortable; an empty *Purse* is full of sorrow, and hollow *Bags* make a heavy heart. Poverty is a civil *Pestilence*, which frights away both friends and kindred, and leaves us to a *Lord have mercy upon us*. It is a sickness very catching and infectious, and more commonly abborr'd than cured. The best Antidote against it is *Angelica* and *Providence*, and the best Cordial is *Aurum possibile*. Gold taken fasting is an approved sovereign. Debts are ill humours, and turn at last to dangerous obstructions. Lending is a mere consumption of the radical humour, which if consumed, brings a patient to nothing. Let others trust to Couriers promises, to friends performances, to Princes favours; give me a Toy call'd *Gold*, give me a thing call'd *Money*. O blessed *Mammon*, how extremely sweet is thy all-commanding presence to my thriving soul! In banishment thou art my dear *companion*: In captivity thou art my precious *ransom*: In trouble and vexation thou art my dainty *rest*: In sickness thou art my *health*; in grief my only *joy*; in all extremity my only *trust*. *Virtue* must *vail* to thee; nay *Grace* it self not relish'd with thy *succiency* would even displease the righteous palates of the sons of men. Come then, my

soul, advise, contrive, project; go, compass Sea and Land; leave no *exploit* untried, no path untrod, no time unspent; afford thine eyes no sleep; thy head no rest; neglect thy ravenous belly, uncloath thy back; deceive, betray, swear and forswear to compafs such a friend. If thou be base in birth, 'twill make thee honourable; if weak in power, it will make thee formidable. Are thy friends few? 'twill make them numerous. Is thy cause bad? 'twill gain thee Advocates. True, wisdom is an excellent help, in case it bend this way; and learning is a gentle Ornament, if not too chargeable: yet by your leave, they are but estates for term of life: but everlasting Gold, if well advantag'd, will not only bless thy days, but thy surviving children from generation to generation. Come, come, let others fill their brains with dear-bought wit, turn their pence into expenceful charity, and store their bosoms with unprofitable piety; let them lose all to save their imaginary consciences, and beggar themselves at home to be thought honest abroad: fill thou thy bags and barns, and lay up for many years, and take thy rest.

*His Curse.*

But, O my soul, what follows wounds my heart and strikes me on my knees.

Luke 12, 20.

*Thee fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.*

Hu

## *His Proofs.*

**WE cannot serve God and Mammon.**

**J**ebo right wylle to vntake his chalenge  
and the lawnes **Jab.** 20. 15. **v. 17.** and he shal  
He bath swalloured down Riches, and ha shal von  
sumtibon up againe: God shal cast shem out of  
his bellye **Exodus** b6 v12. **Proverbs** v12.  
He that vntake wylle to vntake his chalenge  
**Prov.** 13. 27. **v. 28.** **Job** v13. **v. 14.**  
He that is greedy of gaine troubles his oren house,  
but he that hateth gifts shall live. **v. 29.**  
**2 Peter** 3. 3. **v. 4.** **v. 5.**  
Through covetousness they shal with scigned wordes  
make merchandise of you, whose judgement nowin-  
of a long time singryth not, and whose damnation  
shumbreth not. **v. 6.**

## **Nilus in Parzenf.**

¶ Wo to she covetous, for his Riches forsake him, and  
to Hell fire takes him, died he selfe in his sinnes.  
¶ Thou covetous man, why dost thou treasure up such  
hidden mischiefe? why dost thou dote on the  
Image of the King stamped on coin, and hatest the  
Image of God that shines in men?

**Idem.**

The Riches which thou treasurest up are lost ; wherefore thou charitably bestowest are truly thine.

## His Soliloquy.

What think'st thou now, my soul? If the judgments of holy men may not inform thee, let the judgments of thy angry God enforce thee. Weigh thy own carnal affections with the sacred Oracles of Heaven, and light and darkness are not more contrary. What thou approvest, thy God condemns; what thou desirest, thy God forbids. Now, my soul, if ~~Mammon~~ be God, follow him; if God be God, adhere to him: Thou canst not serve God and Mammon. If thy conscience feel the hook, nibble no longer. Many sins leave thee in the way, this follows thee to thy ~~lives~~ end, the Root of evil, the Cancer of all goodness; It blinds Justice, poisons Charity, strangles Conscience, bestaves the Affections, betrays Friendship, breaks all Relations. It is a root of the Devil's own planting; pluck it up. Think not that a pleasure which God hath abominated; nor that a blessing which Heaven hath cursed. Distrust not that which thou or thy heir must vomit up. Be no longer possess'd with such a Devil, but cast him out; and if he be too strong, weaken him by Fasting, and exercise him by Prayer.

*His Prayer.*

O God that art the father of all Riches and Magazines of all treasure, in the enjoyment of whose favour the smallest morsel is a rich inheritance, and the coarsest Pulse is a large portion, without whose blessing the greatest plenty enriches not, and the highest diet nourishes not; how have I (an earth-worm, and no man) fixt my whole heart upon this transitory world, and neglected thee the only desirable good! I blush, O Lord, to confess the baseness of my life, and am utterly ashamed of mine own foolishness. I have placed my affections upon the nasty Rabbith of this world, and have slighted the inestimable Pearl of my salvation. I have wallow'd in the mire of my inordinate desires, and refused to be wash'd in the streams of thy compassion. I have put my confidence in the faithfulness of my servant, and have doubted the providence of thee my gracious Father. I have served unrighteous Mammon with greediness, and have preferred dross and dung before the Pearly gates of new Jerusalem. Thou hast promised to be all in all to those that fear thee, and not to fail the soul that trusts in thee; but I refused thy gracious offer, and put my confidence in the vanity of the Creature. But, gracious God, to whom Repentance never comes unseasonable, that find'st an ear when sinners find a tongue, regard the contrition of a bleeding heart, and withdraw not thy mercy from

from a pensive soul. Give me new thoughts, O God, and with thy holy Spirit new mould my desires. Inform my will, and sanctifie my affections, that they may relish thy sweetnesse with a full delight. Create in me, O God, a spiritual seNSE, that I may take pleasure in things that are above. Give me a contented thankfulness for what I have, that I may neither in poverty forsake thee, nor in plenty forget thee. Arm me with continual patience, that I may chearfully put my trust in thy providence. Moderate my care for momentary things, that I may use the world as if I us'd it not. Let not the loss of any earthly good too much deject me, lest I should sin with my lips and charge thee foolishly. Give me a charitable hand, O God, and fill my heart with brotherly compassion, that I may chearfully exchange the corruptible treasure of this world into the incorruptible Riches of the world to come; and proving a faithful steward in thy spiritual household, I may give up my account with joy, and be made partaker of thy eternal joy in the Kingdom of thy glory.

### S. Chrysost.

*The vessel of our desires grows greater under our endeavours to fill it.*

*We brought nothing into the world, and we shall carry nothing out with us.*

soe long. And so many evill follding I haue  
and shal. **The Self-lovers Self-fraude** or self  
neglect abideth in me, and out of me abideth

O D. hath required my heart, and  
he shall have it: God hath com-  
manded truth in the inward  
parts, and he shall be obeyed.

**G**My soul shall praise the Lord,  
and all that is within me; and I will serye him  
in the strength of my desires. And in common ca-  
ses the tongue's profession of his name is no less  
than necessary: But when it lies upon a life,  
upon the saving of a livelihood, upon the flat  
undoing of a Reputation, the case is altered. My  
life is dear, my fair possessions precious, and my  
Reputation is the very Apple of my eye. To  
sacrifice so great a stake, methinks equivocation is  
but venial, if a sin. If the true loyalty of mine  
heart stands sound to my Religion and my  
God, my well-informed Conscience tells me  
that in such extremities my frightened tongue may  
take the privilege of a *Salvo* or a *mental preser-  
vation*, if not in the expression of a fain  
compliance. What shall the real breach of  
a holy Sabbath, dedicated to God's highest  
glory, be tolerated for the welfare of an Oxe?  
May that breach be set upon the score of mercy,  
and commended above sacrifice, for the safe-  
guard of an Ass? And may I not dispence with  
a bare lip-denial of my urg'd Religion for the  
necessary preservation of the threatened life  
of a man? for the saving of the whole liveli-  
hood and subsistence of a Christian? What?  
shall

shall I perish for the want of food, - and die a Martyr to that foolish conscience which forbids me to rub the ears of a little standing ~~Cornet~~ youth could purchase his frisk Father's blessing with a down-right lie, and may I not dissemble for a life? The young mans great possessions taught his timorous tongue to shrink from and decline his heart's profession, and who could blame him? Come, if thou freely give thy buss, canst thou in conscience be denied a hiding-room for thy protection? The Syrian Captain ( he whose heart was fixt on his now firm-resolv'd and true devotion ) reserved the house of Rimmmon for his necessary attendance, and yet went in peace. Peter ( upon the rock of whose confession the Church was grounded ) to save his liberty, with a false, nay with a perjur'd tongue, nay more, at such a time when as the Lord of life ( in whose behalf he drew his sword ) was question'd for his innocent life, denied his Master; and shall I be so great an unthrift of my blood, my life, to lose it for a mere lip-denial of that Religion which now is sealed, and needs no blood to seal it?

*His Retribution.*

But stay, my Conscience checks me, there's a judgment thunders; Hark.

*Match. 10. 33.*

*He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in Heaven.*

*His Proofs.*

2 Tim. 3. 1, 2.

**K**Now that in the latter days pernicious times shall come: For men shall be lovers of their own felicity.

Isay 45. 23.

I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in Righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear.

Rom. 10. 10.

With the heart man believeth unto Righteousness, and with the mouth confesseth is made to salvation.

Luke 9. 26.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in Glory.

August.

The love of God and the world are two different things. If the love of this world dwelleth in thee, the love of God forsakes thee: renounce that, and receive this: this fit the more nobler love should have the best place and acceptance.

Theoph.

It is not enough only to believe with the heart, for God will have us confess with our mouth: every one that confesses that Christ is God, shall find Christ professing to the Father, that man is a faithful servant; but those that deny Christ shall receive that fearful doom, (Nescio vos) I know you not.

His

## His Soliloquy.

MY soul, in such a time as this, when the civil Sword is warm with slaughter, and the wasting Kingdom welters in her bloud, wouldest thou not give thy life to ransom her from ruine? Is not the God of Heaven and Earth worth many Kingdoms? Is thy welfare more considerable than his glory? Dar'st thou deny him for thy own ends, that denied thee nothing for thy good? Is a poor clod of earth we call Inheritance prisable with his greatness, or a puff of breath we call Life valuable with his honour, in comparison of whom the very Angels are impure? Blush, O my soul, at thy own guilt. He that accounted his bloud his life not worth the keeping, to ransom thee a wretch, lost by thy own rebellion, deserves he not the abatement of a lust, to keep him from a new crucifying? My soul, if Religion bind thee not, if judgments terrifie thee not, if natural affection incline thee not, yet let common reason perswade thee to love him above a trifle, that loved thee above his life: And thou that hast so often denied him, deny thy self for ever, and he will own thee; repent, and he'll pardon thee; pray to him, and he will hear thee.

Anon.

*He that loves himself worst, hath of all men the happiness to have the fewest rivals.*

His

## His Prayer.

O God, whose glory is the end of my creation, and whose free mercy is the cause of my redemption; that gavest thy Son, thy only Son, to die for me, who else had perished in the common deluge of thy wrath; what shall I render for so great a mercy? What thankfulness shall I return for so infinite a love? Alas! the most that I can do is nothing; the best that I can present is worse than nothing, sin. Lord, if I yield my body for a sacrifice, I offer nothing but a lump of filth and loathsome putrefaction; or if I give my soul in contribution, I yield thee nothing but thy image quite defaced and polluted with my lusts; on which spend the strength of the whole man; and with both heart and tongue confess and magnifie thy Name, how can the praises of my sinful lips, that breath from such a sink, be pleasing to thee? But, Lord, since thou art pleased in thy well-pleasing Son to accept the poverty of my weak endeavours, send down thy holy Spirit into my heart, cleanse it from the filth of my corruptions, and make it fit to praise thee. Lord, open thou my mouth, and my lips shall shew forth thy praise. Put a new song into my mouth, and I will praise thee and confess thee all day long. I will not hide thy goodness in my mouth, but will be shewing forth thy truth and thy salvation. Let thy praises be my honour, and let thy goodness be the subject of my

my undaunted Song. Let neither *Reputation*, *Wealth*, nor *Life* be precious to me in comparison with thee. Let not the world's derision daunt me, nor examples of infirmity deject me. Give me courage and wisdom to stand for thy honour; O make me worthy, able and willing to suffer for thy name. Lord, teach me to deny my self, and to resist the motions of my own corruptions. Create in me, O God, a single heart, that I may love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Remember not, O Lord, the sins of my fear, and pardon the hypocrisy of my self-love. Wash me from the stains and guilt of this my hainous offence, and deliver me from this fearful judgment thou hast threatened in thy Word. Convince all the Arguments of my unsanctified wit, whereby I have become an advocate to my sin. Grant that my life may adorn my profession, and make my tongue an instrument of thy glory. Assist me, O God, that I may praise thy goodness, and declare thy wonders among the children of men. Strengthen my faith, that it may trust thee; and let my works so shine, that men may praise thee; that my heart believing unto righteousness, and my tongue confessing to salvation, I may be acknowledged by thee here, and glorified by thee in the Kingdom of glory.

Sa.

*He that pleases himself pleases a fool.*

Th

## The Worldly mans Verdour.



OR ought I see the case is even the same with him that *prays*, and him that does not *pray*; with him that *swears*, and him that *fears an Oath*. I see no difference; if any, those that they call the *wicked* have the advantage; Their crops are even as *fair*, their flocks as *numerous* as theirs that wear the ground with their religious *knes*, and fast their bodies to a *skeleton*; nay in the use of *blessings* (which only makes them so) they far exceed. They term me *Reprobate*, and style me *unregenerate*. 'Tis true, I eat my labours with a jolly heart, drink frolick cups, sweeten my pains with time-be-guiling sports, make the best *advantage* of my own, pray when I think on't, swear when they urge me, hear Sermons at my leisure, follow the *lusts* of my own eyes, and take the pleasure of my own ways: and yet, God be thanked, my Barns are *fulliſh'd*, my Sheep *found*, my Cartel strong for labour, my Pastures rich and flourishing, my Body *bonchful*, and my Bags are full; whilst they that are so *pure*, and make such *conscience* of their ways, that run to Sermons, lig to *Letters*, pray twice a day by the hour, hold *faith* and *truth* *prophane*, and drinking *bealibys* a sin, do often find lean *hatwells*, *carse* *flocks* and empty *purses*. Let them be godly that can live on *Mir* and *Faith*, and eaten

eaten up by Zeal can whine themselves into an Hospital, or bless their lips with charitable scraps. If godliness have this reward, to have short meals for long Prayers, weak estates for strong faiths, and good consciences upon such bad conditions, let them boast of their penny-worths, and let me be wicked still, and take my chance as falls. Let me have judgment to discover a profitable Farm, and wit to take it at an easie Rent, and Gold to stock it in a liberal manner, and skill to manage it to my best advantage, and luck to find a good increase, and providence to husband wisely what I gain: I seek no further, and I wish no more, Husbandry and Religion are two several occupations, and look two several ways, and he is the only wise man can reconcile them.

But stay, my soul, I fear thy reckoning fails  
thee. If thou hast judgment to discover, wit  
to bargain, Gold to employ, skill to manage,  
providence to dispose; canst thou command  
the Clouds to drop? or if a wet season meet thy  
Harvest, and with open sluices overwhelm thy  
hopes; canst thou let down the flood-gates, and  
stop the watry Flux? Canst thou command the  
Sun to shine? Canst thou forbid the Mists,  
or control the breath of the malignant East?  
Is not this God's sole Prerogative? And hath not  
that God said, *but he will abundantly reward you*  
*and bring rest* o*Psalm 92.* *and punish his*  
*wicked workers of iniquity do flourish,* *it is that*  
*In they shall be destroyed for evet red and vby god*

## His Proofs.

Job 21. 7.

**W**herefore do the wicked live, become old, & are mighty in power? Their seed is established in their sight, and their off-spring before their eyes. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the wrath of God upon them. Their Bull gendreth, and faileth not; their Cow calveth, and casteth not her Calf. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They take the Timbrel and the Harp, and rejoice at the sound of the Organ. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment they go down to the Grave.

Nil, in Parænes. Who, to him that pursues empty and fading pleasures; because in a short time he fails, and paupers himself as a Calf to the slaughter. There's no misery more true and real than false and counterfeit pleasure.

Hieron.

It's not only difficult, but impossible, to buy heaven here and hereafter; to live in sensual lusts, and to attain spiritual bliss; to pass from one paradise to another; to be a mirror of felicity in both worlds; to shine with glorious rays both in this globe of earth, and the orb of heaven.

His

## His Soliloquy.

**H**OW sweet a feast is till the reckoning come! A fair day ends often in a cold night, and the road that's pleasant ends in Hell. If worldly pleasures had the promise of continuance, prosperity were some comfort; but in this necessary vicissitude of good and evil, the prolonging of adversity sharpens it. It is no common thing, my soul, to enjoy two Heavens: *Dives* found it in the present, *Lazarus* in the future. Hath thy increase met with no damage? thy reputation with no scandal? thy pleasure with no cross? thy prosperity with no adversity? Presume not: God's checks are symptoms of his mercy; but his silence is the harbinger of a judgment. Be circumspect and provident, my soul. Hast thou a fair *Summer*? provide for a hard *Winter*: the world's River ebbs alone; it flows not: he that goes merrily with the stream, must take up. Flatter thy self therefore no longer in thy prosperous sin. O my deluded soul, but be truly sensible of thy own presumption! Look seriously into thy approaching danger, and humble thy self with true contrition. If thou procure sour herbs, God will provide his *Pottage*.

## His Prayer.

HOW weak is man, O God, when thou forsakest him! How foolish are his counsels, when he plots without thee! How wild his progress when he wanders from thee! How miserable till he return unto thee! How his wits fail! How his wisdom faulters! How his wealth melts! How his providence is befool'd! and how his soul beslav'd! Thou strik'st off the Chariot-wheels of his Inventions, and he is perplext: Thou confoundest the *Babel* of his imaginations, and he is troubled. Thou crossest his designs, that he may fear thee; and thou stop'st him in his ways, that he may know thee. How merciful art thou, O God, and in thy very judgments, Lord, how gracious! Thou mightest have struck me into the lowest pit as easily as on those bended knees, and yet been justified in my confusion; But thou hast threatened like a gentle Father, as loth to punish thy ungracious child. Thou knowest the crooked thoughts of man are vain, All turning point to their contrivers ruine. Thou saw'st me wandering in the maze of death, whilst I with violence pursued my own destruction. But thou hast warn'd me by thy sacred Word, and took me off that I might live to praise thee. Thou art my confidence, O God; Thou art the Rock, the Rock of my salvation. Thy Word shall be my guide, for all thy paths are Mercy and Truth. Lord, when I look upon my former world-

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worldliness, I utterly abhor my conversation: strengthen me with thy assistance, that I may lead a new life; make me more and more sensible of my own condition, and perfect thou the good work thou hast begun in me. In all my designs be thou my Counsellor, that I may prosper in my undertakings. In all my actions be thou my guide, that I may keep the path of thy Commandments. Let all my own devices come to nought: lest I presume upon the Arm of flesh: let not my wealth increase without thy blessing, lest I be fatted up against the day of slaughter. Have thou a hand in all my just imployments, then prosper thou the work of thy hands; O prosper thou thy handy-work, and make it mine, who have no interest in it till thou own me as thy Child. Then shall my soul rejoice in thy favours, and magnifie thy name for all thy mercies; then shall my lips proclaim thy loving-kindness, and sing thy praises for ever and for ever.

**Eccles. x. 9.** *Walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment.*

**1 Cor. viii. 12.** *For we know that all we do not, we do in the sight of evil angels. And if so be that ye have sinned to God, confessing your sins unto him, he will forgive you. To those therefore which have committed any sin, I say, that they should confessing unto him, not keeping secret their sins, but telling them to his feet.*

*The Lascivious man's Heaven.*

An flesh and bloud be so unnatural to forget the Laws of *Nature*? can blowing youth immure it self within the *Icy* walls of *Vestal Chastity*? Can *lusty* diet and *mollitious* rest bring forth no other fruits but *saint* desires, *rigid* thoughts, and *Pblegmatick* conceits? Should we be *stocks* and *stones*, and (having active souls) turn altogether *passives*? Must we turn *Ancorites*, and spend our days in *Caves* and *Hermitages*, and smother up our precious hours in *cloistered* folly, and *recluse* devotion? Can *Rosie* *cheeks*, Can *Ruby* *lips*, can *snowy* *breasts* and *sparkling* *eyes*, present their *beauties* and *perfections* to the sprightly view of *young* *mortality*? and must we stand like *Statues* without sense or motion? Can strict Religion impose such *cruel* Tasks, and even *impossible* Commands upon the raging thoughts of her unhappy votaries, as to withstand and contradict the instinct and very principles of *Nature*? Can fair-pretending piety be so barbarous to condemn us to the *flames* of our affections, and make us *Martyrs* to our own *desires*? Is't not enough to conquer the rebellious *Actions* of imperious flesh, but must we manacle her hands, darken her eyes, nay worse, restrain the freedom of her very *thoughts*? Can full *perfection* be expected here? Or can our work be *perfect* in this vale of

imperfection? This were a life for Angels, but a task too hard for frail, for transitory man. Come, come, we are but men, but flesh and bloud, and our born frailties cannot grapple with such potent tyranny. What nature and necessity requires us to do, is venial being done. Come, strive no more against so strong a flesh, but take thy fill of beauty; solace thy wanted heart with amorous contemplations; cloath all thy words with courtly Rhetorick, and soften thy lips with dialects of love; surfeit thy self with pleasure, and melt thy passion into warm delights; walk into Nature's universal Bonn, and pick what flower does most surprize thine eye; drink of all waters, but be tied to none; spare neither cost nor pains to compass thy desires. Enjoy varieties: emparadise thy soul in fresh delights. The oblong of pleasure makes thy pleasure double. Ravish thy senses with perpetual choice, and glut thy soul with all the delicates of love.

*His Hell.*

But hold: There is a voice that whispers to my troubled ear; a voice that blanks my thoughts, and stops the course of my resolves; a voice that chils the bosom of my soul, and fills me with amazement: *Mark.*

*Gal. 5. 21.*

*They which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God.*

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 14.

**T**hou shalt not commit Adultery.

Mat. 5. 28.

Whosoever looks upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

Rom. 13. 13.

Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting or in drunkenness, nor in chambering, nor in wantonness.

1 Pet. 2. 11.

Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.

---

Nilus in Paræn.

Wo be to the fornicator and adulterer, for his garment is defiled and spotted, and the heavenly Bridegroom casts him out from his chaste nuptials.

A world of presumptuous and bairous offences do arise and spring from the filthy fountain of adulterous lust, whereby the gate of heaven is shut, and poor man excluded from God.

S. Greg. Mor.

Hence the flesh lives in sensual delights for a moment, but the immortal soul perisheth for ever.

## His Soliloquy.

Lust is a Brand of original fire, rak'd up in  
 the Embers of flesh and bloud, uncover'd  
 by a natural inclination, blown by corrupt com-  
 munication, quench'd with fasting and humili-  
 ation : It is rak'd up in the best, uncovered in  
 the most, and blown in thee, O my lustful soul.  
 O turn thine ear from the pleadings of Nature,  
 and make a Covenant with thine eyes. Let not  
 the language of Delilah enchant thee, lest the  
 hands of the Philistines surprize thee. Review  
 thy past pleasures, with the charge and pain  
 thou hadst to compass them, and shew me,  
 where's thy penny-worth ? Foresee what pu-  
 nishments are prepar'd to meet thee, and tell  
 me, what's thy purchase ? Thou hast barter'd  
 away thy God for a lust ; sold thy eternity for a  
 trifle. If this bargain may be recall'd by  
 scars, dissolve thee, O my soul, into a spring of  
 waters ; if to be revers'd with price, reduce thy  
 whole estate into a Sack-cloth and an Ash-tree.  
 Thou whose Liver hath scorch'd in the flames  
 of lust, humble thy heart in the Ashes of Re-  
 pentance : And as with Esau thou hast sold  
 thy Birthright for Broth, so with Jacob wrestle  
 by Prayer till thou get a blessing.

Anonym.

Consider well, how empty thy pleasure will be when  
 it is past, and thou cuttest off the chief strength  
 of the temptation.

## His Prayer.

O God, before whose face the Angels ate  
 impure, before whose clear omniscience  
 all Actions appear, to whom the very secrets  
 of the hearts are open; I here acknowledge, to  
 thy glory and my shame, the filthiness and vile  
 impurity of my Nature. Lord, I was filthy in  
 my very conception, and in filthiness my mo-  
 ther's womb inclosed me, brought forth in  
 filthiness, and filthy is my very innocency, fil-  
 thy in the motions of my flesh, and filthy in the  
 apprehensions of my soul; my words all cloth'd  
 with filthiness, and in all my actions filthy  
 and unclean, in my inclination filthy, and in  
 the whole course of my life nothing but a con-  
 tinued filthiness. Wash me, O God, and  
 make me clean, cleanse me from the filthiness  
 of my corruption. Purge me, O Lord, with  
 Hyssop, and create a clean heart within me.  
 Correct the vagrant motions of my flesh, and  
 quench the fiery darts of Satan. Let not the  
 Law of my corrupted members rule me; O  
 let concupiscence have no Dominion over me.  
 Give me courage to fight against my lusts,  
 and give my weakness strength to overcome:  
 make sharp my Sword against this body of  
 sin, but most against my Delilah, my bo-  
 some sin. Deliver me from the tyranny of  
 temptation, or give me power to subdue it.  
 Strengthen the liberty of my wanton appetite, and  
 give me temperance in a sober diet. Grant

## 84 Judgment and Mercy Part I.

me a heart to strive with thee in Prayer, and hopeful patience to attend thy leisure. Keep me from the habit of an *idle* life, and close mine ears against *corrupt* communication. Set thou a watch before my lips, that all my words may savour of sobriety. Preserve me from the vanity and pride of life, that I may walk blameless in my conversation. Protect me from the fellowship of the unclean, and from all such as are of evil report. Let thy grace, O God, be sufficient for me, to protect my soul from the buffetings of Satan. Make me industrious and diligent in my calling, lest the enemy get advantage over me. In all my temptations let me have recourse to thee. Be thou my refuge when I call upon thee. Forgive, O God, the sins of my youth, O pardon the multitudes of my secret sins. Encrease my hatred to my former life, and strengthen my resolution for the time future. Hear me, O God, and let the words of my mouth be always acceptable to thee, O God, my strength and my Redeemer.

*Pleasure leaves behind it a greater thirst than that which it pretends to quench; and though it be taken in a full draught, yet does not satisfy.*

*Prov. 6. 27.*  
*Can a man take fire into his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?*

*The Sabbath-breaker's profanation.*

HE glittering Prince that sits upon his regal and imperial Throne, and the ignoble Peasant that sleeps within his sordid house of Thatch, are both alike to God. An Ivory Temple and a Church of Clay are priz'd alike by him. The flesh of *Bulls*, and the perfumes of *Myrrh* and *Cassis* smoak his Altars with an equal pleasure: And does he make such difference of *days*? Is he that was so weary of the *New-Moons*, so taken with the *Sun*, to tie his *Sabbath* to that only day? the tenth in tithes is any one in *ten*, and why the *seventh* day not any one in *seven*? We sanctifie the day, the day not us. But are we *Jews*? Are we still bound to keep a *legal Sabbath* in the strictness of the Letter? Have the Gentiles no priviledge by the virtue of *Messiah's* coming? or has the *Evangelical Sabbath* no immunities? The service done, the day's discharg'd, my *Liberty* restor'd; and if I meet my *profits* or my *pleasures* then, I'll give them entertainment. If *business* call me to account, I dare afford a careful ear; or if my *sports* invite me, I'll entertain them with a cheerful heart. I'll go to *Mattens* with as much devotion as my neighbour; I'll make as low obeisance and as just responds as any: but as soon as *Even-song's* ended, my *Church-devotion* and my *Psalter* shall sanctifie my *Poe* till the next Sabbath

call. Were it no more for an old custom's sake than for the good I find in Sabbaths, that Ceremony might as well be spared. It is a day of Rest : And what's a Rest ? A relaxation from the toil of labour. And what is labour but a painful exercise of the frail body ? But where the exercise admits no toil, there Relaxation makes no Rest. What labour is it for the worldly man to compass Sea and Land to accomplish his desires ? What labour is it for the impatient lover to measure Hellefpon with his widened arms to hasten his delight ? What labour for the youth to number musick with their sprightly paces ? Where leisure's reconcil'd to labour, labour is but an active rest. Why should the Sabbath then, a day of rest, divorce from those delights that make thy rest ? Afflict their souls that please ; my rest shall be what most conduces to my hearts delight. Two hours will vent more Prayers than I shall need, the rest remains for pleasure.

#### *His Extirpation.*

Conscience, why start'lt thou ? A judgment strikes me from the mouth of Heaven, and saith,

Exod. 31. 14.

*Whosoever doth any work on my Sabbath, his soul shall be cut off.*

*His Proofs.*

Exod. 20. 8, 9, &c.

R Emember to keep holy the Sabbath-day ; six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do : but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 13, 14.

Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you.

Verily my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a sign betwixt me and you, throughout your Generations.

Luke 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices and ointments, and rested on the Sabbath-day according to the Commandment.

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Gregor.

We ought upon the Lord's day to rest from bodily labour, and wholly to additt our selves to prayers ; that whatsoever hath been done amiss the week before, may upon the day of our Lord's resurrection be expiated and purged by fervent prayers.

Cyr. Alex.

Sin is the store-house of death and misery, it kindles flames for its dearest friends. Therefore who-soever when he should rest from sin, busieth himself in the dead and fruitless works of wickedness, and renouncing all piety lusts after such things as will bring him into eternal destruction and everlasting flames, justly deserves to die and perish with the damned ; because when he might have enjoy'd a pious rest, he laboured to run headlong to his own destruction.

## His Soliloquy.

MY soul, how hast thou profaned that day thy God hath sanctified! How hast thou encroached on that which Heaven hath set apart! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath twelve hours, what happiness canst thou expect in a perpetual Sabbath? Is six days too little for thy self, and two hours too much for thy God? O my soul, how dost thou prize temporals beyond eternals? Is it equal that God who gave thee a body, and six days to provide for it, should demand one day of thee, and be denied it? How liberal a Receiver art thou, and how miserable a Requirer! But know, my soul, his Sabbaths are the Apple of his eye. He that hath power to vindicate the breach of it, hath threatened judgments to the breaker thereof. The God of mercy that hath mitigated the rigour of it for charity sake, will not diminish the honour of it for profaneness sake. Forget not then, my soul, to remember his Sabbaths, and remember not to forget his Judgments, lest he forget to remember thee in Mercy. What thou hast neglected, bewail with contrition; and what thou hast repented, forsake with resolution; and what thou hast resolved, strengthen with devotion.

Anonym.

The true Sabbath is to rest from sin.

His

## His Prayer.

O Eternal, just and all-discerning Judge, in thy self glorious, in thy Son gracious, who triest without a witness, and condemnest without a Jury; O! I confess my very actions have betray'd me, thy Word hath brought in evidence against me, my own conscience hath witnessed against me, and thy judgment hath past sentence against me: And what have I now to plead but my own misery? and whither should that misery flee but to the God of mercy? And since, O Lord, the way to mercy is to leave my self, I here disclaim all interest in my self, and utterly renounce my self. I that was created for thy glory, have dishonoured thy Name: I that was made for thy service, have profaned thy *Sabbaths*: I have slighted thy *Ordinances*, and turned my back upon thy *Sanctuary*. I have neglected thy *Sacraments*, abused thy *Word*, despis'd thy *Ministers*, and contemned their *ministry*. I have come into thy Courts with an *unprovided* heart, and have drawn near with *uncircumcised* lips. And, Lord, I know thou art a jealous God, and most severe agaist all such as violate thy Rest: The glory of thy Name is precious to thee, and thine honour is as the Apple of thine eye. But thou, O God, that art the God of Hosts, hast published and declared thy self the Lord of mercy. The constitution of *Sabbath* was a work of *time*: but, Lord, thy

mercy

mercy is from all eternity. I that have broke thy *Sabbaths*, do here present thee with a broken heart : thy hand is not shortned that thou canst not heal, nor thy ear deafned that thou canst not hear. Stretch forth thine hand, O God, and heal my wounds ; bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear my Prayers. Alter the fabrick of my sinful heart, and make it tender of thy glory. Make me *ambitious* of thy service, and let thy *Sabbaths* be my whole delight. Give me a holy reverence of thy *Word*, that it may prove a light to my steps and a Lanthorn to my feet. Endue my heart with Charity and faith, that I may find a comfort in thy *Sacraments*. Bless thou the Ministers of thy sacred Word, and make them holy in their lives, sound in their *Doctrine*, and laborious in their callings. Preserve the universal Church in these distracted times ; give her Peace, Unity and Uniformity ; purge her of all Schism, Error and Superstition. Let the Kings daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleasure in her beauty ; that being honour'd here to be a member of her Militant, I may be glorified with her Triumphant.

Anonym.

*He that thinks it too much to keep a short Sabbath here, shall never be thought worthy to celebrate the eternal Sabbath hereafter.*

## The Censorious man's Crimination.



Know there is much of the seed of the *Serpent* in him by his very looks, if his words betray'd him not. He hath eaten the Egge of the *Cockatrice*, and surely he remaineth in the state of *perdition*. He is not within the *Covenant*, and abideth in the *Gall* of bitterness. His *Studied Prayers* shew him to be a high Malignant, and his *Jesu-worship* concludes him *popishly affected*. He comes not to our private meetings, nor contributes a penny to the Cause. He cries up learning and the Book of *Common-prayer*, and takes no arms to hasten Reformation. He fears God for his own *ends*, for the spirit of *Antichrist* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, he goes a whoring after his own inventions. He can hear an *Oath* from his Superior without reproof, and the *beastly Gods named* without spitting in his face. Wherefore my soul detesteth him, and I will have no *conversation* with him: for what fellowship hath *light* with *darkness*, or the pure in heart with the unclean? Sometimes he is a *Publican*; sometimes a *Pbarisee*, and always an *Hypocrite*. He rails against the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jesus*: he is quick-sighted at the infirmities of the Saints, and in his heart rejoyceth at our *failings*: he honours not a preaching *Ministry*, and too much

much leans to a *Church-government*: he paints *devotion* on his face, whilst *pride* is stamp'd within his heart: he places *sanctity* in the walls of a *Sieople-house*, and adores the *Sacrament* with his *popish knee*: his Religion is a *Weazher-cock*, and turns *breast* to every *blast* of wind. With the pure he seems *pure*, and with the *wicked* he will joyn in fellowship. A *sober language* is in his mouth, but the *poison* of *Afeps* is under his tongue. His works conduce not to *edification*, nor are the motions of his heart *sanctified*. He adores great ones for *preferment*, and speaks too partially of *authority*. He is a *Laodicean* in his *faith*, a *Nimbitian* in his *works*; a *Pharisee* in his *disguise*, a *rake Papist* in his *heart*; and I thank my God, I am not as this man.

### *His Commination.*

But say, my soul, take heed whilst thou judgest another, lest God judge thee: how com'st thou so expert in another's heart, being so often deceived in thy own? A *Saul* to day may prove a *Paul* to morrow. Take heed whilst thou wouldest seem *religious*, thou appear not *uncharitable*; and whilst thou judgest man, thou be not judged of God, who saith,

Mat. 7. 1.

*Judge not, lest ye be judged.*

His Proofs.

John 7. 24.

Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment.

Rom. 14. 10.

But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

1 Cor. 4. 5.

Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsel of the hearts.

Rom. 14. 13.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or accusation to fall in his brothers way.

God is judge himself, Psal. 50. 6.

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S. August.

Apparent and notorious iniquities ought both to be reproved and condemned: but we should never judge such things as we understand not, nor can certainly know whether they be done with a good or evil intent.

S. August.

When thou knowest not apparently, judge charitably; because it's better to think well of the wicked, than by frequent censuring to suspect an innocent man guilty of an offence.

S. August.

The unrighteous Judge shall be justly condemned.

His

*His Soliloquy.*

HAS thy brother, O my soul, a beam in his eye, and hast thou no mote in thine? Clear thine own, and thou wilt see the better to cleanse his. If a *Thief* be in his Candle, blow it not out, lest thou wrong the *flame*; but if thy *Snuffers* be of Gold, snuff it. Has he offended thee? *Forgive* him. Hath he trespass'd against the Congregation? *Reprove* him. Hath he sinned against God? *Pray* for him. O my soul, how uncharitable hast thou been? How Pharisically hast thou judg'd? Being sick of the *Faundies*, how hast thou censur'd another *yellow*? and with *blotted* fingers made his *blur* the greater? How has the *pride* of thy own heart blinded thee toward thy self? How *quick-sigbed* to another? Thy brother has *slipt*, but thou hast *fallen*, and hast blanch'd thy *impety* with the publishing his *sin*. Like a *Fle*, thou stingest his sores, and feed'st on his corruptions. *Jesus* came eating and drinking, and was judg'd a *glutton*: *John* came fasting, and was challeng'd with a *devil*. Judge not, my soul, lest thou be judged: malign not thy brother, lest God laugh at thy destruction. Wouldst thou escape the punishment? judge thy self: Wouldst thou avoid the *sin*? bumble thy self.

*His Prayer.*

O God that art the only searcher of the Reins, to whom the secrets of the heart of man are only known, to whom alone the judgment of our thoughts, our words and deeds belong, and to whose sentence we must stand or fall; I a presumptuous sinner, that have thrust into thy place, and boldly have presumed to execute thy office, do here as humbly confess the insolence of mine attempt, and with a sorrowful heart repent me of my doings: and though my convinced conscience can look for nothing from thy wrathful hand but the same measure which I measured to another, yet in the confidence of that mercy which thou hast promised to all those that truly and unfeignedly believe, I am become an humble suiter for thy gracious pardon. Lord, if thou search me not with a favourable eye, I shall appear much more unrighteous in thy sight than this my uncharitably-condemned brother did in mine. O look not therefore, Lord, upon me as I am, lest thou abhor me; but through the merits of my blessed Saviour cast a gracious eye upon me. Let his humility satisfie for my presumption, and let his meritorious sufferings answer for my vile uncharitableness. Let not the voice of my offence provoke thee with a stronger cry than the language of his Intercession. Remove from me, O God, all spiritual pride, and make me little in my own conceit. Lord, light

light me to my self, that by thy light I may discern how dark I am. Lighten that darkness by thy holy Spirit, that I may search into my own corruptions. And since, O God, all gifts and graces are but nothing, and nothing can be acceptable in thy sight without charity, quicken the dulness of my faint affections, that I may love my brother as I ought. Soften my marble heart that it may melt at his infirmities. Make me careful in the examination of my own ways, and most severe against my own offences. Pull out the beam out of mine own eye, that I may see clearly, and reprove wisely. Take from me, O Lord, all grudging, envy and malice, that my seasonable reproofs may win my brother. Preserve my heart from all censorious thoughts, and keep my tongue from striking at his name. Grant that I make right use of his infirmities, and read good lessons in his failings; that loving him in thee, and thee in him, according to thy command, we may both be united in thee as members of thee, that thou maist receive honour from our communion here, and we eternal glory from thee hereafter in the world to come.

Th. de Kempis.

*There are two lessons which God every day gives his elect: One, to see their own faults; the other, the goodness of God.*

The

## The Liar's Fallacies.

**N**Ay, if Religion be so strict a Law, to bind my tongue to the necessity of a truth on all occasions, at all times, and in all places, the gate is too strait for me to enter; or if the general rules of down-right truth will admit no few exceptions, farewell all honest mirth, farewell all trading, farewell the whole converse betwixt man and man. If always to speak punctual truth be the true *Symptom* of a blessed soul, Tom tell troth has a happy time, and fools and children are the only men. If *Truth* sit Regent, in what faithful breast shall secrets find repose? What *Kingdom* can be safe? What *Commonwealth* can be secure? What *War* can be successful? What *Stratagem* can prosper? If bloody times should force Religion to strand it self beneath my roof, upon demand, shall my false truth betray it? Or shall my brother's life, or shall my own be seis'd upon through the cruel truth of my down-right *confession*? or rather not be secured by a fair officious lie? Shall the righteous Favourite of Egypt's Tyrant by virtue of a *bold lie* sweeten out his joy, and heighten up his soft affection with the *Antiperistasis* of tears? and may I not prevaricate with a sullen truth to save a brother's life from a blood-thirsty hand? Shall Jacob and his too indulgent Mother conspire in a lie to purchase a paternal blessing in the false name and habit of a supplanted brother? and shall I question to preserve

preserve the granted blessing of a life or livelihood with a harmless lie? Come, come, my soul, let not thy timorous conscience check at such poor things as these. So long as thy officious tongue aims at a *just end*, a lie is no offence; so long as thy perjurious lips confirm not thy untruth with an *audacious brow*, thou needst not fear. The weight of the cause relieves the burthen of the Crime. Is thy Center good? No matter how crooked the lines of the Circumference be; Policy allows it. If thy journeys end be Heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy journey be; Divinity allows it. Wilt thou condemn the Egyptian Midwives for saving the infant Israelites by so merciful a lie? When Martial execution is to be done, wilt thou fear to kill? When hunger drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou be afraid to steal? When civil wars divide a Kingdom, will Mercuries decline a lie? No, circumstances excuse, as well as make the lie. Had Cæsar, Scipio, or Alexander been regulated by such strict divinity, their names had been as silent as their dust. A lie is but a fair put-off, the sanctuary of a secret, the riddle of a lover, the stratagem of a Souldier, the policy of a Statesman, and a salve for many desperate sores.

#### *His Flames.*

But hark, my soul, there's something rounds mine ear, and calls my language to a Recantation. The Lord hath spoken it.

*Liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, Revel. 21. 8.*

Part I. for afflicted souls. 99

His Proofs.

T *Hou shalt not raise a false Report, Ex. 20.*

*Levit. 19. 11.*

*Ye shall not deal falsely, neither lie one to another.*

*Prov. 12. 22.*

*Lying lips are abomination to the Lord : but they  
that deal truly are his delight.*

*Prov. 19. 5.*

*He that speaketh lies shall not escape.*

*Ephes. 4. 25.*

*Put away lying, and every one speak truth with  
his Neighbour : for we are members one of another.*

*Revel. 21. 27.*

*There shall in no wise enter into the new Jerusalem  
any thing that worketh abomination, or that  
maketh a lie.*

---

S. August.

*Whosoever thinks there's any kind of lie that is not a  
sin, shamefully deceives himself, mistaking a lying  
or cozening knave for a square or honest man.*

Gregor.

*Eschew and avoid all falsehood : though sometime  
certain kinds of untruth are less sinful, as to tell  
a lie to save a mans life ; yet because the Scrip-  
ture saith, The liar slayeth his own soul,  
and God will destroy them that tell a lie,  
therefore Religious and honest men should always  
avoid even the best sort of lies ; neither ought ano-  
ther mans life to be secured by our falsehood or ly-  
ing, lest we destroy our own soul in labouring to  
secure another mans life.*

His

## His Soliloquy.

**W**HAT a child, O my soul, hath thy false bosom harbour'd! And what reward can thy indulgence expect from such a Father? What blessing canst thou hope from Heaven, that pleadest for the Son of the Devil, and crucifiest the Son of God? God is the Father of Truth. To secure thy estate thou deniest the truth by framing of a lie: To save thy brother's life thou opposest the truth in justifying a lie. Now tell me, O my soul, art thou worthy the name of a Christian, that deniest and opposest the nature of Christ? Art thou worthy of Christ, that preferrest thy estate or thy brother's life before him? O my unrighteous soul, canst thou hold thy brother worthy of death for giving thee the lie, and thy self guiltless that makes a lie? I, but in some cases truth destroys thy life; a lie preserves it. My soul, was God thy Creator? then make not the Devil thy preserver. Wilt thou despair to trust him with thy life that gave it, and make him thy Protector that seeks to destroy it? Reform thee and repent thee, O my soul; hold not thy life on such conditions, but trust thee to the hands that made thee.

S. Hierom.

Let not thy tongue know how to lie or swear; and let there be in thee so great a love of truth, that thou account whatever thou sayest as sealed with an Oath.

His

I. Part I. for afflicted souls. 101

His Prayer.

O God, that art the God of truth, whose word is truth, that hatest lying lips, and abominatest the deceitful tongue, that banishest thy presence all such as love or make a lie, and lovest truth, and requirest uprightness in the inward parts; I the most wretched of the sons of men, and most unworthy to be called thy son, make bold to cast my sinful eyes to Heaven. Lord, I have sinned against Heaven and against truth, and have turned thy grace into a lie. I have renounced the ways of righteousness, and have harboured much iniquity within me, which hath turned thy wrath against me. I have transgress'd against the checks of my own conscience, and have vaunted of my transgression: which way soever I turn mine eye, I see no object but shame and confusion. Lord, when I look upon my self, I find nothing there but fuel for thy wrath, and matter for thine indignation and my condemnation. And when I cast mine eyes to Heaven, I there behold an angry God, and a severe revenger. But, Lord, at thy right hand I see a Saviour and a sweet Redeemer. I see thy wounded Son cloathed in my flesh, and bearing mine infirmities, and interceding for my numerous transgressions; for which my soul doth magnifie thee, O God, and my spirit rejoyceth in him my Saviour. Lord, when thou lookest upon the vast score of my offences, turn thine eyes

eyes upon the infinite merits of his satisfaction. O when thy justice calls to mind my sins, let not thy mercy forget his sufferings. Wash me, O wash me in his bloud, and thou shalt see me clothed in his righteousness. Let him that is all in all to me, be all in all for me; make him to me sanctification, justification and redemption. Inspire my heart with the spirit of thy truth, and preserve me from the deceitfulness of *double tongues*. Give me an inward confidence to rely upon thy fatherly providence, that neither fear may deter me, nor any advantage may turn me from the ways of thy truth. Let not the specious goodness of the end encourage me to the unlawfulness of the means, but let thy Word be the warrant to all my actions. Guide my footsteps that I may walk uprightly, and quicken my conscience that it may reprove my failings. Cause me to feel the burthen of this my habitual sin, that coming to thee by a true and serious repentance, my sins may obtain a full and a gracious forgiveness. Give me a *heart* to make a Covenant with my *lips*: that both my *hearts* and *tongue* being sanctified by thy Spirit, may be both united in *truth* by thy mercy, and magnifie thy name for ever and for ever.

Str.

*He that is afraid to tell the truth, denieth himself to be a man.*



## The Revengeful man's Rage.

What a *Fulip* to my scorching soul is the delicious *bloud* of my *Offender* ! And how it cools the burning *Fever* of my boiling veins ! It is the *Quintessence* of pleasures, the *height* of satisfaction, and the very *marrow* of all delight, to bath and paddle in the *bloud* of such whose bold *af-fronts* have turn'd my wounded *patience* into *fury*. How full of sweetness was his death, who dying was reveng'd upon three thousand enemies ? How sweetly did the *youngor brother's* *bloud* allay the soul-consuming flames of the *elder*, who took more pleasure in his *last breath*, than Heaven did in his first *Sacrifice* ? Yet had not Heaven condemned his *action*, nature had found an *Advocate* for his *passion*. What sturdy spirit hath the power to rule his *suffering* thoughts, or curb the head-strong fury of his *Irascible* affections ? Or who but fools (that cannot taste an injury) can moderate their high-bred *spirits*, and stop their *passion* in her full *carre*? Let heavy *Gynicks*, they whose leaden souls are taught by stupid reason to stand *bent* at every wrong, that can digest an injury more easily than a complement, that can protest against the Laws of *nature*, and cry all natural *affection* down, let them be *And-irons* for the injurious world to work a *Heat* upon ; let them find shoulders to receive the pain-

full stripes of peevish Mortals, and to bear the wrongs of daring insolence ; let them be drawn like Calves prepar'd for slaughter, and bow their servile necks to sharp destruction ; let them submit their slavish bosoms to be trod and trampled under foot at every ones pleasure : My Eagle-spirit flies a higher pitch, and like ambitious Phaeton climbs into the fiery Chair, and drawn with Fury, Scorn, Revenge and Honour, rambles through all the spheres, and brings with it confusion and combustion : my seeking Sword shall vindicate my reputation, and rectifie the injuries of my honourable name, and quench it self in the plenteous streams of bloud. Come, tell not me of Charity, Conscience, or Transgression. My Charity reflects upon my self, begins at home, and guided by the justice of my passion, is bound to labour for an honourable satisfaction. My Conscience is bloud-proof, and I can broach a lite with my illustrious weapon, with as little reluctance as kill a Flea that sucks my bloud without commission ; and I can drink a health in bloud upon my bended knee to Reputation.

#### Hu Retaliation.

But hark, my soul, I hear a languishing, a dying voice cry up to Heaven for vengeance. It cries aloud, and thunders in my startling ear. I tremble, and my shivering bones are fill'd with horrour. It cries against me : and hear what Heaven replies,

*All that take up the Sword shall perish by the Sword, Mat. 26. 52.*

His Proofs.

Lev. i. 19. 18.

**T**HOU SHALT NOT AVENGE, OR BEAR ANY GRUDGE AGAINST THE CHILDREN OF THY PEOPLE, BUT THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF: I AM THE LORD.

Deut. 32. 35.

To me belongeth Vengeance and Recompence.

Ezek. 25. 12, 13.

Because that Edom hath dealt against the house of Judah, by taking vengeance, and hath greatly offended, and reveng'd himself upon them:

Therefore thus saith the Lord God, I will also stretch out mine hand upon Edom, and will cut off man and beast from it.

Mat. 5. 39.

Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.

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Tertul.

What's the difference between one that doth an injury, and another that outrageously suffers it, except that the one is first, and the other second in the offence? but both are guilty of mutual injury in the sight of God, who forbids every sin, and condemns the offender.

Idem.

How can we honour God, if we revenge our selves?

Gloss.

Every man is a murderer, and shall be punished as Cain was, if he do (as Cain did) either assault his brother with violence, or pursue him with hatred.

## His Soliloquy.

**R**evenge is an Act of the Irascible affections, deliberated with malice, and executed without mercy. How often, O my soul, hast thou cursed thy self in the perfectest of Prayers? how often hast thou turned the spiritual body of thy Saviour into thy damnation? Can the Sun rise to thy comfort, that hath so often set in thy wrath? So long as thy wrath is kindled against thy brother, so long is the wrath of God burning against thee. O wouldst thou offer a pleasing Sacrifice to Heaven? Go first and be reconciled to thy brother. I, but who shall right thy honour then? Is thy honour wrong'd? Forgive, and it is vindicated. I, but this kind of heart-swelling can brook no Poultice but revenge. Take heed, my soul, the remedy is worse than the disease. If thy intricate distemper transcend thy power, make choice of a Physician that can purge that humor that foments thy malady. Rely upon him; submit thy will to his directions: he hath a tender heart, a skilful hand, a watchful eye, that makes thy welfare the price of all his pains, expecting no reward, no fee, but praises and thanksgiving.

S. Bernard.

Be bumble in asking of pardon, and easie in giving it, and thou wilt be at peace with all the world.

## His Prayer.

O God thou art the God of Peace, and the lover of *unity* and concord, that dost command all those that seek forgiveness, to forgive, that hatest the *froward* heart, but shewest mercy to the *meek* in spirit; With what face can I appear before thy mercy-seat? or with what countenance can I lift up these hands thus stained with my *brother's bloud*? How can my lips that daily breed *revenge* against my brother, presume to own thee as my *Father*, or expect from thee thy blessing as thy *child*? If thou forgive my *trespasses*, O God, as I forgive my *trespassers*, in what a miserable estate am I. that in my very prayers condemn my self, and do not only limit thy compassion by my *uncharitableness*, but draw thy judgments on my head for my *Rebellion*? That heart, O God, which thou requirest as a *holy present*, is become a spring of *malice*. These hands which I advance, are ready instruments of base *revenge*. My thoughts, that should be sanctified, are full of *bloud*, and how to compass evil against my brother is my continual meditation. The course of all my life is wilful disobedience, and my whole pleasure, Lord, is to displease thee. My conscience hath accused me, and the voice of *bloud* hath cried against me: But, Lord, the *bloud* of *Jesus* cries louder than the *bloud* of *Abel*, and thy mercy is far more infinite than my sin. The *bloud* that was shed

by me cries for vengeance, but the *bloud* that was shed for me sues for mercy. Lord, hear the language of this bloud, and by the merits of this voice be reconciled unto me. That time which cannot be recalled, O give me power to redeem, and in the mean time a settled resolution to reform. Suppress the violence of my headlong passion, and establish a *meek* spirit within me. Let the sight of my own vileness take from me the sense of all disgrace, & let the Crown of my reputation be thy honour. Possess my heart with a desire of *unity* and *concord*, and give me *patience* to endure what my *impetuosity* hath deserved. Breath into my soul the spirit of *love*, and direct my affections to their right object: turn all my *anger* against that sin that hath provoked thee, and give me *bold* *reverence*, that I may exercise it against my self. Grant that I may love thee for thy self, my self in thee, and my neighbour as my self. Assist me, O God, that I may subdue all *evil* in my self, and suffer patiently all *evil* as a punishment from thee. Give me a *merciful* heart, O God; make it slow to *wrath* and ready to forgive. Preserve me from the act of *evil*, that I may be delivered from the fear of *evil*; that living here in charity with men, I may receive that sentence of, *Come ye blessed*, in the Kingdom of *glory*.

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The Secure man's Triumph.

**S**O now, my soul, thy happiness is entail'd, and thy illustrious name shall live in thy succeeding Generations. Thy dwelling is establish'd in the *fat* of all the land; thou hast what mortal heart can wish, and wantest nothing but *immortality*. The *best* of all the land is thine, and thou art planted in the *best* of *Lands*. A land whose *Constitutions* make the *best* of Government, which *Govern-  
ment* is strengthen'd with the *best* of *Laws*, which *Laws* are executed by the *best* of Princes; whose Prince, whose *Laws*, whose *Government*, whose *Land* makes us the *happiest* of all subj<sup>t</sup>s, makes us the *happiest* of all people. A land of strength, of plenty, and a land of peace; where every soul may sit beneath his *Vine*, unrighted at the horrid language of the hoarse *Trumpet*, unstartled at the warlike summons of the roaring *Cannon*. A land whose *beauty* hath surpriz'd the ambitious hearts of foreign Princes, and taught them by their *martial Oratory* to make their vain attempts. A land whose strength reads vanity in the deceived hopes of Conquerors, and crowns their enterprizes with a shameful overthrow. A land whose native plenty makes her the worlds *Exchange*, supplying others, able to subsist without supply from foreign Kingdoms; in it self happy, and abroad honourable. A land that hath no vanity,

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but what the sweetest of all blessings, peace and plenty; that hath no misery but what is propagated from that blindness which cannot see her own felicity. A land that flows with Milk and Honey, and in brief wants nothing to deserve the title of a *Paradise*. The *Curb of Spain*, the pride of *Germany*, the aid of *Belgia*, the scourge of *France*, the Empress of the World, and *Queen of Nations*. She is begirt with walls, whose builder was the hand of *Heaven*, whereon there daily rides a *Navy-Royal*, whose unconquerable power proclaims her Prince invincible, and whispers sad despair into the fainting hearts of *foreign* Majesty. She is compact within her self in *unity*, not apt to civil discords or intestine broils: The envy of all Nations, the ambition of all Princes, the terror of all enemies, the security of all neighbouring states. Let timorous Pulpits threaten ruine, let prophesying Church-men dote, till I believe. How often and how long have these loud Sons of *Thunder* false-prophesied her desolation? and yet she stands the glory of the world. Can Pride demolish the Towers that defend her? Can Drunkenness dry up the Sea that walls her? Can flames of Lust dissolve the Ordnances that protect her?

*His Overthrow.*

Be well advis'd, my soul, there is a voice from Heaven roars louder than those Ordna-  
nces, which saith, *Thus saith the Lord, The whole land shall be deso-  
late, Jer. 41:27.*

# Part I. for afflicted Souls. III

## His Proofs.

Esay 14.7, &c.

The whole Earth is at rest and at quiet, they break forth into singing.  
See the Fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the Cedars of Lebanon sing, &c.

Yet shalt thou be brought down to Hell, to the sides of the Pit. Jer. 5. 12.  
They have belied the Lord, and said, It is not he, neither shall evil come upon us, neither shall we see sword or famine.

1 Cor. 10.12.

Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

Luke 17. 27.

They did eat and drink, and they married wives and were given in marriage, until the flood came and destroyed them all.

## S. August.

Whilst Lot was exercised in suffering, reproach and violence, he continued holy and pure; even in the filth of Sodom: but in the mount, being in peace and safety, he was surprised by sensual security, and defiled himself with his own daughters.

Greg. Mag.

Our prosperous and happy state is often the occasion of more miserable ruine: a long peace hath made many men both careless and cowardly; and that's the most fatal blow when an unexpected enemy surpriseth us in a deep sleep of peace and security.

*His Soliloquy.*

**S**ecurity is an *improvident carelessness*, casting  
out all fear of approaching danger. It is  
like a great *Calm at Sea*, that foreruns a *Storm*.  
How is this verified, O my sad soul, in this  
our *bleeding Nation*! Wert thou not till now  
for many years even *nuzzl'd* in the bosom of  
habitual *peace*? Didst thou foresee this dan-  
ger? Or couldst thou have contrived a way  
to be thus *miserable*? Didst thou not *laugh in-  
vasion* to scorn? or didst thou not less fear a  
*Civil War*? Was not the *Title of the Crown*  
unquestionable? And was not our mixt *Go-  
vernment* unapt to fall into *diseases*? Did we  
want good *Laws*? or did our *Laws* want *ex-  
ecution*? Did not our *Prophets* give *lascifal warn-  
ing*? Or were we moved at the sound of *Judg-  
ments*? How hast thou liv'd, O my uncareful  
soul, to see these *Prophecies* fulfill'd, and to  
behold the *vials* of thy angry God pour'd forth?  
Since *Mercies*, O my soul, could not *allure*  
thee, yet let these *Judgments* now at length  
*enforce thee to a true repentance*. Quench the  
*Fire brand* which thou hast kindled; turn thy  
*mirth* to right *mourning*, and thy feasts of joy  
to *humiliation*.

*Cassini.*

*There is no better expedient of security, than to com-  
mit all our interest to God, who knows how to  
give good things to them that ask him.*

*His*

## His Prayer.

O God by whom Kings reign and Kingdoms flourish, that settest up where none can batter down, and pulllest down where none can countermand; I a most humble Suiter at the Throne of Grace, acknowledge my self unworthy of the least of all thy mercies, nay worthy of the greatest of all thy judgments. I have sinned against thee, the Author of my being; I have sinned against my conscience, which thou hast made my accuser; I have sinned against the peace of this Kingdom, whereof thou hast made me a member: If all should do, O God, as I have done, Sodom would appear as righteous, and Gomorrah would be a precedent to thy wrath upon this sinful Nation, But, Lord, thy mercy is inscrutable, or else my misery were unspeakable: for that mercy sake be gracious to me in the free pardoning of all my offences. Blot them out of thy remembrance for his sake in whom thou art well pleased. Make my head a fountain of tears to quench that brand my sins have kindled towards the destruction of this flourishing Kingdom. Bless this Kingdom, O God; establish it in piety, honour, peace and plenty. Forgive all the crying sins, and remove all thy judgments far from her. Bless, bless her Governor, thy servant, our dread Sovereign. Endue his soul with all religious, civil, and princely virtues. Preserve his royal person in health, safety

safety and prosperity; prolong his days in honour, peace or victory, and crown his death with everlasting glory. Bless him in his royal Consort; unite their hearts in love and true Religion. Bless him in his Princely issue; season their youth with the fear of thy name. Direct thy Church in doctrine and in discipline; and let her enemies be converted, or confounded. Purge her of all superstition and heresie; and root out from her whatsoever thy hand hath not planted. Bless the Nobility of this Land; endue their hearts with truth, loyalty, and true policy. Bless the Tribe of Levi with piety, learning, and humility. Bless the Magistrates of this Kingdom; give them religious and upright hearts, hating covetousnes. Bless the Gentry with sincerity, charity and a good conscience. Bless the Commonalty with loyal hearts, painful hands, and plentiful increase. Bless the two great Seminaries of this Kingdom; make them fruitful nurseries both to the Church and Common-wealth. Bless all thy Saints every where, especially those that stood in the gap betwixt this Kingdom and thy judgments; that being all members of that Body whereof thou Christ art Head, we may all joy in humiliation for our sins, and in the propagation of thy honour here, and be made partakers of thy glory in the Kingdom of glory hereafter.

*The Presumptuous man's Felicity.*

**B**EEK. Ell bauling Babes of Bugbears, to  
fright them into quietness; or  
terrifie youth with old wives Far-  
bles, to keep their wild affecti-  
ons in awe: such *Toys* may  
work upon their timorous apprehensions, when  
wholsome precepts fail, and find no audi-  
ence in their youthful ears. Tell not me of  
Hell, Devils, or damned souls, to enforce me  
from those *pleasures* which they *nick-name* sin.  
What tell ye me of *Law*? my soul is sensible  
of Evangelical precepts without the needless  
and uncorrected thunder of the killing *Letter*,  
or the terrible periphrase of some roaring Boar-  
nerves, the tediousness of whose language  
still determines in *damnation*; wherein I ap-  
prehend God far more *merciful* than his Mi-  
nisters. 'Tis true, I have not led my life accor-  
ding to the Pharisaical *square* of their op-  
inions, neither have I found judgments accor-  
ding to their prophecies; whereby I must con-  
clude that God is wonderfully *merciful*, or they  
wonderfully *mistaken*. How often have they  
thundered torment against my *voluptuous* life?  
and yet I feel no pain. How bitterly have they  
threatned *shame* against the *vaunts* of  
my *vain glory*? yet find I honour. How  
fiercely have they preach'd *destruction* against  
my *cruelty*? and yet I live. What *Plagues*  
against my *swearing*? yet not *infected*. What  
*diseases*.

diseases against my drunkeſſeſ? and yet ſound.  
 What danger againſt procrastination? yet how often hath God been found upon the death-bed?  
 What damnation to Hypocrites? yet who more ſafe? What ſtripes to the Ignorant? yet who more ſcar-free? What poverty to the Slothful? yet themſelves proſper. What falls to the Proud? yet stand they ſureſt. What curses to the Covetous? yet who richer? What judgments to the Luſcious? yet who more pleaſure? What vengeance to the Profane, the Conſorius, the Rewengeful? yet none live more unſcoug'd. Who deeper branded than the Liar? yet who more favour'd? Who more threatened than the Presumptuous? yet who less puniſh'd? Thus are we fool'd and kept in awe with the strict fan-  
 cies of thofe Pulpit men, whose opinions have no ground but what they gain from popularity: Thus are we frightened from the liberty of Nature by the politick Chimeras of Religion; whereby we are neceſſitated to the obſerving of thofe Laws, whereof we find a greater ne-  
 ceſſity of breaking. *not to aduice*

*His Anathemas.*

But stay, my ſoul, there is a voice that darts into my troubled thoughts, which faith,

Deut. 29.

*Because thou haſt not kept my Laws, all the curses in this book ſhall overtake thee, till thou be de-  
 ſtroyed.*

*His*

## His Proofs.

Deut. 29. 27.

**A**ND the anger of the Lord was kindled against the land, to bring upon it all the Curses that are written in this book.

2 Chron. 34. 24.

**T**hus saith the Lord, Behold I will bring evil upon this place, and upon the inhabitants thereof, even all the curses that are written in the book.

Deut. 28. 15.

**B**ut if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and do all his Commandments and his Statutes which I command thee this day, all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee.

Bernard.

**I**t is certain thou must die, and uncertain when, how, or where: seeing death is always at thy heels; thou must (if thou be wise) always be ready to die.

Idem.

**T**o commit a sin, is an humane frailty: to persist in it, is a devilish obstinacy.

Idem.

**T**here are some who hope in the Lord, but yet in vain; because they only smooth and flatter themselves that God is merciful, but repent not of their sin: such confidence is vain and foolish, and leads to destruction.

His

*His Soliloquy.*

**P**Resumption is a sin, whereby we depend upon God's mercies without any warrant from God's word. It is as great a sin, O my soul, to hope for God's mercy without Repentance, as to distrust God's mercy upon Repentance. In the first thou wrongest his Justice; in the last, his Mercy. O my presumptuous soul, let not thy prosperity in sinning encourage thee to sin; lest climbing without warrant into his mercy, thou fall without mercy into his judgment. Be not deceived; a long Peace makes a bloody War, and the abuse of continued mercies makes a sharp judgment. Patience when slighted turns to fury, but ill requited starts to vengeance. Think not that thy unpunish'd sin is hidden from the eye of Heaven, or that God's judgments will delay for ever. The stalled Ox that wallows in his plenty, and waxes wanton with ease, is not far from slaughter. The Ephah, O my desperate soul, is long a filling, but once being full, the leaden cover must go on, and then it hurries on the wings of the wind. Advise thee then, and whilst the Lamp of thy prosperity lasts, provide thee for the evil day, which being come, Repentance will be out of date, and all thy Prayers will find no ear.

Tertul.

**A** Christian hath no morrow, that is, should put off no duty, until the morrow.

Edu

## His Prayer.

Gracious God, whose mercy is unsearchable, and whose goodness is unspeakable, I the unthankful object of thy continued favours, and therefore the miserable subject of thy continual wrath, humbly present my self-made misery before thy sacred Majesty. Lord, when I look upon the horridness of my sin, shame strikes me dumb; but when I turn mine eye upon the infiniteness of thy mercy, I am emboldned to pour forth my soul before thee: as in the one finding matter for confusion, so in the other arguments for compassion. Lord, I have sinned grievously, but my Saviour hath satisfied abundantly; I have trespassed continually, but he hath suffered once for all. Thou hast numbréd my transgressions by the hairs of my head, but his mercies are innumerable like the stars of the sky: My sins in greatness are like the mountains of the Earth, but his mercy is greater than the Heavens. O if his mercy were not greater than my sins, my sins were unpardonable: for his therefore and thy mercies sake cover my sins, and pardon my transgressions. Make my head a fountain of tears, and accept my contrition, O thou Well-spring of all mercy. Strengthen my resolution, that for the time to come I may detest all sin. Encrease a holy anger in me, that I may revenge my self upon my self for displeasing so gracious a Father. Fill my heart with a fear of thy

thy judgments, and sweeten my thoughts with the meditation of thy mercies. Go forwards, O my God, and perfect thy own work in me, and take the glory of thy own free goodness: furnish my mouth with the praises of thy name, and replenish my tongue with continual thanksgiving. Thou hast promised pardon to those that repent: behold, I repent: Lord, quicken my Repentance. Thou mightest have made me a terrible example of thy justice, and struck me into Hell in the height of my presumption; but thou hast made me capable of thy mercies, and an object of thy commiseration: for thou art a gracious God, long-suffering, and slow to anger; thy name is wonderful, and thy mercies incomprehensible. Thou art only worthy to be praised. Let all the people praise thee, O God, O let all the people praise thee. Let Angels and Archangels praise thee; Let the Congregations of Saints praise thee; Let thy works praise thee; Let every thing that breaths praise thee for ever and for ever, Amen.

## Psal. 50. 21.

*These things hast thou done and I kept silence, Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thy self: but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes.*

# BARNABAS,

O R,

The Compassionate

S A M A R I T A N,

Pouring Oil into Wounded

S P I R I T S.

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The Second Part.

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BY

Fra. Quarles.

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The Eighth Edition.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Royston, at the Angel  
in Amen Corner, 1674.

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БАТАЯВА

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The Compellants

БАТАЯВА

Батавия  
Bantam  
Borneo  
Bogor  
Bromo  
Cirebon  
Gresik  
Java  
Kediri  
Magelang  
Mojokerto  
Pekalongan  
Pekojen  
Purworejo  
Solo  
Surabaya  
Tegal  
Yogyakarta

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## Judgment and Mercy for afflicted souls.

### Part II.

#### The weary man's Burthen.



OD, who in himself is the fulness and perfection of all Glory, who needed no Tongue to praise it, no Pen to express it, no Work to magnifie it, created a World for his own pleasure, furnish'd it of his own goodness, made Man out of his own mere motion, appointed him his Lieutenant here upon earth, and as a witness and an instrument of his Glory, the sole end of his Creation: But Man grew proud, transgress'd against his first Commandment and fell, and by his fall destroyed his then unborn posterity. Sin entred the world, and death by sin: and I poor miserable creature, born in sin, have turned his glory to dishonour, my due obedience to Rebellion, and my happiness into eternal death. How intolerable is the Burthen of this sin! How insufferable is the weight of my offences! If I but think of Heaven, it clogs my contemplations. If I but pray to Heaven, it presses down my devotion. I have lost the favor of my God, I have frustrated

the

## 122 Judgment and Mercy Part II

frustrated the end of my creation, I have brok  
the peace of my Conscience, I have clipt the  
wings of my faith, I have dash'd the comfort of  
my hopes. Good Angels have forsaken me, my  
conscience hath accused me, God's Prophets  
have condemned me, and Hell gapes for me.  
What shall I do? Or whither shall I flie? Shall  
I seek to Angels? Alas, I have turned them  
away displeased: They will not hear me, or  
if they would, they cannot help me. Shall I fli  
to my own Conscience? alas, that will fledge  
me. Shall I trust on my own merits? alas,  
they are false Lights, and will light me to my  
own ruine. Or shall I take the wings of the  
Morning, and fli to the utmost parts of the  
Earth? alas, my sins will follow me, my ill  
will haunt me wherefoever I go. Poor mis  
erable man that I am, who shall deliver me  
from this burthen? Poor miserable man that  
am, who shall release me from this Bondage?  
Is there no Comfort for a poor distressed soul?  
Is there no Ease for a poor disconsolate Sinner?  
Is there no Balsam for a wounded Heart? no Re  
fuge for a guilty Penitent?

### His Ref.

O my soul, why art thou so sad? and why  
is thy spirit so disquieted within thee? Put thy  
trust in God, who hath said,

Mat. 11. 28.

Come unto me all you that are heavy laden, and  
will give you rest.

His Proofs.

Jer. 6. 16.

**T**HUS saith the Lord, Stand ye in the old ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.

Isa. 51. 11.

**I**ber redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Sion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: They shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

Mat. 11. 29.

**T**ake my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall have rest unto your souls.

---

Hieron. in Epist.

Dost thou fear poverty? Christ calls the poor man blessed: art thou afraid of labour? pains are the parents of a Crown: art thou hungry? Faith fears no famine. God, the Generalissimo of the world, with his Militia of Angels betolds thy Combate, and prepares for thy laborious victory a crown of everlasting rest.

Aug. de Virgin.

**S**ow thy heart with divers seeds, with Fasting, Prayer, Reading, Alms, that the end of thy labour may be the harvest of thy rest.

*His Soliloquy.*

TREU, my soul, if thou shouldst only cast  
eye upon the letter of the *Law*, that letter  
would soon cast thee and condemn thee; or  
thy only object were the base corruptions of the  
sinful heart, there were sufficient cause to justi-  
fie that condemnation; or hadst thou nothing  
else to trust to but thine own abilities, thy ca-  
pabilities were too too miserable for expression; or  
shouldst thou seriously consider that glorious  
*Majesty* thou hast offended, there were no  
hopes for consolation: But, O my soul, there  
is a *Gospel* to mitigate the rigour of that *Letter*; there is a *Chancery* to moderate the severity  
of that *Law*; there is a *Saviour* to moderate  
betwixt that *God* and thy *Offences*. Art thou  
in *bondage*? O my soul, here is freedom; Art  
thou *dejected*? here is comfort; Art thou *per-  
suaded*? here is a *refuge*; Art thou *overburdened*?  
here is *rest*? Art thou *condemned*? here  
is a *pardon*. Appeal therefore from the *Throne*  
of *Justice* to the *Seat of Mercy*; from the  
*justice* of *Jehovah* to the *mercy* of thy *Jesus*:  
deny thy self, and he will own thee; empty thy  
self, and he will fill thee: Let not thy *fear*  
affright thee, he hath *satisfied*: Let not His  
dismay thee, he hath *suffered*: Let not the *fi-*  
*reath trouble thee, he hath sweetned it: Let*  
not the *second death terrifie thee, he hath con-*  
*quered it. Fear not to come to him, for he hath*  
*called thee: Fear not to pray to him, for he*  
*will hear thee.*

## His Prayer.

My cast at letter **O** God, whose perfect glory needed not the help of Man, yet madest him for thy Glory; or, wherein consisted his eternal Happiness; I am of the poor son of Adam, fallen by his Sin, and walking in my own corruptions, lie prostrate nothing here before the foot-stool of thy Mercy-seat, thyself acknowledging my grievous Sins, and humbly begging pardon for my manifold transgressions. How infinite is thy Mercy, O God, were that hast not spared thy only Son, but made all, then his precious Blood a Ransom to redeem me from the jaws of Death! I have made myself a great Delinquent, and thou hast appointed moderate <sup>to</sup> ~~moderate~~ <sup>to</sup> my gracious Advocate: I have made myself a Sinner, and he hath given himself to be my Saviour. To thee therefore, O my blessed Jesus, whose Death is my deliverance, I flee: Before thee (who art more merciful than I am ? <sup>and</sup> less miserable) I fall. Thy Mercies have invited me to thy Throne, thy Merits have emboldned me to present my groans before thy gracious Ears, and to lay my Jesus upon thy dying Shoulders. O empty thy Lamb of God which takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me. O not the Lamb of God that takest away the Burthen of my sins, have mercy upon me; and grant me it: Lengthy Rest. O thou that tookest my flesh upon thee, grant me thy Spirit. Sanctifie my heart <sup>and</sup> thoughts: Be merciful to my sins; Be gracious unto my Prayers. Let the Intercession of

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thy merits restore me to the favour of my God. Let the freeness of thy mercy release me from the burthen of my Conscience. Wean me from my self: Direct me in thy ways. Be thou my Rest: Be thou my Refuge. Fix thou my wavering faith: Recal my wandring Hopes. Give thy Angels charge over me, whom I have so often sent grieved away. Establish me with a free Spirit, and restore me to the joy of thy Salvation. Let that power that calls me, enable me to come; and let my coming be rewarded in thy Promise. Let thy Word comfort me, let thy Truth conduct me, and let thy Spirit counsel me; that being relieved by the bounty of thy Grace, released from the Burthen of my sins and redeemed by the vertue of thy Bloud, I may come to thee with the Confidence of a Son, and be received of thee in the Compassion of a Father, and after this life of Grace, live with thee in thy Kingdom of Glory.

## S. Aug.

Christ is the way, the truth, and the life: the way, wherein thou shouldest go; the truth, wher thou wouldest arrive; the life, which thou wouldest enjoy.

## Heb. 2. 18.

For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted he is able to succour them that are tempted.

## The Sinner's Sentence.



The miserable condition of Mankind! What loads of self-made misery are fallen upon the sons of men! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the will to stand; and being fallen by his ambitious will, hath lost the power to rise. He was created good; but not content with such a goodness, grew covetous to encrease it by the knowledge of that which (being known) deprived him of that goodness. Evil he desired to know; and not knowing the misery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miserable. That God, the sweetness of whose presence was the perfection of mans felicity, he rebelliously declined; and being the Favourite of Heaven, made himself a fire-brand of Hell: and I, his miserable child, am made more miserable by my own offences. What mercy can I expect from this just God, whose justice I have so oft offended? What judgment may I now suspect from that merciful God whose mercy I have so oft abused? Is not the practice of my life, *Sin*? Are not the wages of my sin, *Death*? If one sin destroyed a world of men, shall not a world of sins destroy one man? I that have not feared to provoke his Justice, am now afraid to think him Just. I that have slighted his mercy, have now no warrant to hope him merciful,

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ciful. He that made the eye, can he chuse but see? He that sees all things, beholds he not my sin? Can he behold my sin, and not punish? Can he punish, and I not confounded? What am I poor dust and ashes to stand before so great an enemy? Did he not create me for his service, and shall not his hand destroy me for my Rebellion? What Advocate shall plead my cause? What Sanctuary shall secure me? Shall that Blood save me which I have spilt? Will that Judge quit me which I have crucified? Shall I present my prayers to Heaven? Alas! my very prayers will return like Thunderbolts upon my head. Shall I lay my sins before the eye of Heaven? Ah me! I dare not, lest they draw down vengeance into my bosom.

*His Sanctuary.*

Be not afraid, my soul, God's mercy far transcends thy misery. Chear up; where sin abounds there grace abounds much more. O now, my soul, depart in peace, for thine eyes shall see thy salvation. Open thine ears and hear what the Spirit saith.

John 13. 26.

*He that believeth in me shall never die.*

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Part II. for afflicted souls. 129

His Proofs.

Rom. i. 17.

THe *just shall live by Faith.*

John 3. 16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Acts 16. 31.

*Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy household.*

John 5. 24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that beareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.

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Chrysost.

The faith of the true Catbolick Religion is the light of the soul, and the gate of life, and the foundation of eternal happiness.

Cassiod.

Man enjoys all things in himself that enjoys himself; but he only enjoys himself that enjoys his God; and he alone enjoys his God that believes in him.

August.

No greater treasure than the true Catbolick faith: It gives to the blind lights, to the sick health, to sinners Repentance, to the penitent salvation.

*His Soliloquy.*

B ut is thy *mischay*, O my soul, greater than his *mercy*? 'Tis true, the practice of thy life is *sin*, but the practice of his *Mercy* is *pardon*: The wages of thy *sin* is *death*, but the merits of his *death* is *life*. Art thou afraid to think the God of *Vengeance* *just*? and well thou mayst, if thou deny the God of *Mercy* to be *merciful*. Old *Adam* hath run thee in *debt*, and young *Adam* hath paid the *score*, and wile thou not acknowledge it? O my distrustful soul, darken not the *Sun*-*shine* of his power with the clouds of thy *infidelity*; Eclipse not the illustrious body of his *Mercy* with the interposition of thy *despair*. Think not thy great *Creator* is thine enemy, when thy gracious *Redeemer* is thy friend. Hast thou sinned against thy *Creation*? thou art absolved by thy *Redemption*. Art thou penitent for thy rebellion? thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou hast shed thy Saviour's *Blood*: Take comfort, that very bloud which thou hast spilt will save thee. But thou hast crucified the Lord of glory: The Lord of glory, whom thou hast crucified, hath crucified thy *sins*. Fear not then, my soul, to flie to such a *Friend*, whose arms are open to embrace thee, whose eyes are open to behold thee, whose lips are open to plead for thee, whose wounds are open to ease thy *pains*, whose ears are open to hear thy *Prayers*.

## His Prayer.

O God, that madest all things to serve Man, that Man might the more chearfully serve thee, that gavest him power to continue in that perfect state thou madest him, and a will to use that power to thy glory and his own comfort; I the *unhappy* son of my unhappy parents, made *more unhappy* by my own transgressions, do here in all humility and contrition acknowledge my self the *miserable* subject of thy utter wrath. Lord, I have lost the power to do what thou commandest, and am only left to suffer what thy displeasure shall lay upon me. But yet, O God, thy mercy is no less infinite than thy justice, and far more infinite than my sins, and thou hast promised life to all believers. Give therefore dust and ashes leave, O Lord, to claim this gracious *Promise*; and what thou hast commanded to be done, O give me power to do. Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified. Look not upon thy servant, O God, but through the Bloud of thy Son; and let the *merits* of a Saviour outcry the *demerits* of a Sinner. Remember not what I a sinner have *done*, but call to thy remembrance what he my Saviour hath *suffered*. O let his bloody sweat anoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his *death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord, I am sick, I flie to him as my *Physician*; I am a trespasser, I flie

to him my Advocate ; I am a suiter, I flie to him my Mediator ; I am a Delinquent, I flie to him my Sanctuary ; I am a sinner, I flie to him my Saviour. Let the shamefulness of his death expiate the sinfulness of my life ; and let the willingness of his Obedience satisfie for the wilfulness of my Rebellion. Let my sins, that cry louder than the sins of Cain, be wash'd in his blood, which speaks better things than the bloud of Abel. Remember thy Promises to those that believe. Lord, I believe ; Lord, help my unbelief. Quicken my soul with faith, inflame my affections with love, and fill my mouth with prayers : that knowing him, I may believe in him ; and believing in him, I may love him ; and loving him, I may praise him with Hosannas here in the Church militant, and Hallelujahs hereafter in the Church Triumphant.

Boeth.

*There lies on us a great necessity of doing well, since we do all things under the eyes of that Judge that sees all.*

*The poor man's wants.*

O D that created all things for man's use, created man for his service, who by the accommodation of all the Creatures might be enabled the better to do service to his Creator. But when the proud disloyalty of man rebelled, the Creature, that knew not how to serve man on such conditions, returned to his first Creator, to be a-new disposed of by him according to his pleasure. How dare I then presume to expect from his hands what I have disinherited my self of by my Rebellion? Or how can I a dog claim any interest in the *Childrens bread*? How dare I a sinner intrude into the portion of the righteous? And if the righteous only shall inherit the Land, in what quarter lies mine inheritance? If *blessings* be the proper dues of sons, what is due to me the greatest of all sinners? I am no Son, and therefore no Heir; insomuch that what I possess I enjoy not by right, but usurpation. What have I that I can call mine own? Or wherein can my title prove aright? I am wretched, for I am a sinner; I am poor, for I want the thing I have; I am blind, for I cannot see my wants; I am naked, for I cannot hide my shame. I can challenge nothing but my sin, my sorrow, my punishment, my shame. I can see nothing but that I am wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked.

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I can expect nothing but what I first must receive. I can receive nothing but what must first be given. Nothing can be given but by Prayer. Prayer hath no verture but by Faith; and whatsoever is not of faith is sin. How then shall I supply this emptiness? By what means shall I relieve my wants? By what art shall I clear this blindness? What cloaths shall hide my nakedness? If I pray for what I want, I fear I shall not want what I deserve. I am a Prodigal, and have spent my talent; I have divorced my presence from my angry Father; I am not worthy to be called his Son, and he too worthy to be called my Father; I have forsaken my God, and his blessings have forsaken me; I that have banish'd my self from my Father's bounteous table, am now marshall'd among swine.

*His Supply.*

Return, return thee, O my soul, into thy Father's arms; Confess thy wants, and his mercy will relieve thee, who saith,

John 16. 23.

*Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he shall give it unto you.*

*His*

His Proofs.

1 John 5. 14, 15.

AND this is the confidence we have in him: If we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us. If we know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know we have the petitions we desire of him.

John 14. 13, 14.

Whosoever ye ask in my name, that will I do; that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Mat. 7. 7.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.

Psal. 21. 4.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.

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Isidor.

He that obeys not the Law of God, obtains not the thing he desires of God; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we shall doubtless receive what we desire.

Ambr.

We have all things in Christ, and Christ is all things in us. If we are sick, he is a Physician; if we fear death, he is life; if in darkness, he is light; if in want, he is abundance; if hungry, he is food; if thirsty, he is drink; if miserable, he is mercy; if covetous of Heaven, he is the way.

His

## His Soliloquy.

If thy own Righteousness only interest thee in Heaven, or hadst thou no better title to the blessing of earth than from thy self, how vain were the merits of a Saviour, and how poor were the estate of a Sinner? But having no righteousness but in him, thou hast no interest in any blessing but by him. Art thou poor in estate, O my soul? find him, and thou art rich. Art thou wretched? seek him, and thou hast happiness. Blinded with error? seek him, and thou art enlightened with truth. Naked? find him, and thou shalt be clothed with robes. Challenge nothing but thy sin, and thou shalt enjoy all things by thy Repentance. Be sensible of thy misery, and thou art capable of his mercy. Hast thou wasted thy portion with the Prodigal? return to thy Father, like the Prodigal. Acknowledge thy own unworthiness, and thy father's indulgence will embrace thee. Let not the sins of thy own wretchedness discourage thee, nor the fear of his displeasure dishearten thee. Can an earthly mother forget her child? and canst thou distrust the mercies of a heavenly Father? Go then, my soul, lie into his bosom by contrition, groan thy sorrows in his ear by penitent confession. He that hath called thee, will accept thee: He that hath commanded thee to pray, will hear thy Prayer.

## His Prayer.

O God, that art the Creator and giver of all good things, by which we are either made the more serviceable to thee, or the more inexcusable in neglecting thy service; I a poor off-cast among the sons of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigal*, have mispent thy precious blessing, do here return from *buks* and *Harlots* and the lewd concupiscence of my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee, O my offended Father. I have usurp'd thy favours, intruded into thy blessings, and like a *Dog* devour'd the childrens bread. O God, my wants are great; nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that art all goodness, *All* in *All*. But yet thy gracious promise hath invited me to call on thee in my necessities. Be it therefore, O God, according to thy Word. Thy Word is *Truth*; Thy Truth is everlasting. Lord, as thou hast made me sensible of my *wants*, so make me capable of thy relief. Remove my *wretchedness* by thy *Mercy*; Relieve my *poverty* by thy all-sufficient *Grace*; Recover my *blindness* by thy *Light*; Cover my *nakedness* with thy *Robe*. Be thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy *Laws* be mine *inheritance*. Hear the needy when he calls upon thee, and help the poor that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my trust even from my mother's *Womb*. Make me sufficient for thy *Grace*, and thy *Grace* shall be sufficient for me.

Provoke

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Provoke in my soul a thirst after righteousness, that I may take and drink the Cup of thy salvation. Teach me to ask according to thy pleasure, and grant my Requests according to thy promise. Strengthen my Faith in all my Supplications; and give me patience to expect thy leisure. What I possess, O God, let me enjoy in Thee, and Thee in it. Believe my necessities according to thy will, and let thy pleasure limit my desires. In my prosperity let me not forget thee, and in my Adversity let me not forsake thee. With Jacob's wealth, Lord, give me Jacob's blessing; with Lazarus's want, O give me Lazarus's reward. Both in want and wealth give me a contented mind: both in prosperity and adversity give me a thankful heart. Lord, hear my prayer for thy mercies sake, for my miseries sake, for thy promise sake, for my Jesus sake, to whom be glory and praise for ever and ever.

## S. August.

Thy gold cannot do to thee the office of silver, thy mine cannot be thy bread, nor the light cool thy thirst; but thy God can be all things to thee.

## Mat. 6. 33.

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

## The Forgetful man's Complaint.



E are God's husbandry: our hearts  
are the soil, whereof some is  
more fruitful, some more barren,  
and both unprofitable; his, *holy*  
*Word* is the seed, which some-  
times falls upon a *lean ground*, sometimes up-  
on a *stony*, sometimes upon a *good ground*; the  
cares of the world are like thorns that spring  
up and choke it; *Persecutions*, like a soultry  
summer, scorch it; the lusts of the flesh, like  
the fouls of the air, which wait upon the *Plough*,  
and licens'd by the Prince of the air, devour it.  
How many disadvantages, O God, attend upon  
thy *husbandry*? how many losses lessen thy *in-*  
*crease*? how many accidents make thy *soil* un-  
fruitful, and thy *Harvest* easie and unprofitable?  
To what purpose do I Till my *land*? To what  
advantage do I stir my *fallows*? I have no sooner  
sowed my willing ground, but the seed is  
blown away. I bring into the *Sanctuary* a prepared  
heart; I hear glad tidings with a cheerful ear,  
and then repose them in a joyful breast: But  
when I look into my hopeful *Magazine*, be-  
hold there's nothing there but *emptiness* and *va-*  
*nity*. The joys of what I gained were swallowed  
with the grief of what I lost. No sooner had I  
set my portals open to let in the King of *glory*,  
but lo, the slightness of my *entertainment* turn'd  
him out again. I hid my *Saviour* in the Sepul-  
chre of my soul, and they have taken away my  
Lord,

## 140 Judgment and Mercy Part II.

Lord, and I know not where they have laid him : my Beloved withdrew himself, and is gone, and I have sought him, but I could not find him. O treacherous Memory ! how hast thou betrayed my rest ? how hast thou lost the balsam of thy Soul ? How art thou heedless in preserving what my poor soul was so earnest in pursuing ? How canst thou chuse but feel the stroke of death, having thus lost the Word of life ? What shall now comfort thee in thy Afflictions ? O what shall strengthen thee in thy Temptations ? or what shall wind up the plummets of thy soul in Desperation ?

### *His Consolation.*

Chear up, my soul : the Pearl which thou hast lost is hidden in thy field, and time shall bring it forth ; when sharp Afflictions shall plough up the fallows of thy heart, this Pearl shall then appear and comfort thee. Turn and read what the Spirit saith.

John 14. 26.

*The holy Spirit shall bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.*

His Proofs.

**John 15. 26.**  
**When the Comforter shall come, whom I will send from the Father, even the spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.**

**1 John 2. 27.**

The anointing which ye have received of him abides in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie: and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

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**Greg. in Moral.**

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes; it instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, it admonishes the Memory.

**Bede.**

There is no dulness where the holy Spirit is Teacher, no forgetfulness where the holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

**Greg.**

The holy Spirit is an antidote against seven poisons: It is wisdom against folly, quickness of apprehension against dulness, faithfulness of memory against forgetfulness, fortitude against fear, knowledge against ignorance, pity against profaneness, humility against pride.

His

## His Soliloquy.

THE strongest City (when force without and treachery within assails it) must yield; and canst thou expect, O my soul, to be impregnable? Hast thou the Devil and the World without thee, and so many Regiments of lusts within thee, yet thinkest thou to sustain no loss? Art thou so unexperienced in the Christian war, to think thy Magazine safe upon so strong a siege? Thou storest thy heart with plenty of the bread of life, and canst thou hope to keep it from the ravenous hand of thy own corruptions? Thou sowest thy ground with liberal seed, and thinkest thou that the Fowls of the air (being Lucifer's own regiment) will not rob thee of a share? Thou fillest thy Treasury with sums of wealth, and canst thou hope the Troops within thee will not plunder thee? vex not thy self, my soul; what's taken from thee with too strong an arm, shall be no loss to thee. Consent not, but continue loyal, and thy *compulsions* shall never wrong thee. If thy domes~~t~~ick Rebels sequester thy whole estate, thy loyalty shall preserv~~e~~ thee. Chear thee, O then, my soul: the Comforter will come, and then thy *Faith* shall be repayed, thy wrongs shall be repaired; till then, thy *sufferings* shall be remembred, and then thy *Petitions* shall be regarded.

## His Prayer.

O God, without whose special blessing and success Paul plants in vain and Apollo waters to no purpose, that with the influence of thy holy Spirit enrichest all those hearts from whom thy patience shall expect increase; I, the worst piece of all thy Husbandry, do here acknowledge and confess mine own barrenness, as most unworthy of thy pains. Lord, thou hast often ploughed my heart with trials and afflictions, manured it with the presence of thy Heavenly grace, and sowed it with thy pure Seed; yet such is the base condition of my unfruitful heart, that either the coldness of the soil starves it, or the cares of the world choke it, or the malice of the Devil robs it, that it cannot bring forth increase worthy of thy pains or expectation. Lord, I am thy husbandry, continue thy careful hand upon me, and supply my weakness with thy strength, and make me fruitful for thy glory. And thou, O God, that hast given thy word for a Lamp unto my feet and a light unto my paths, so open mine eyes, that I may behold the frailty of my flesh; so clear my sight, that I may avoid the vanities of the World and the snares of Satan. Be thou my skreen to preserve this Lamp: Be thou my Lantern to protect this Light, that the corruptions of my flesh may not obscure it, that the vanities of the World may not eclipse it, that the suggestions of Satan may not consume it.

it. Unlock mine ears, that I may hear what thou commandest. Lock thou my memory, that I may retain what I hear. Enlarge my heart, that I may practise what I retain: and open thou my lips, that I may praise thee in my practice. Consider, O God, how I love thy Precepts, and quicken me according to thy loving kindness. Hide thy Word in my heart, that my ways may be directed to keep thy Statutes. Remember thy word to thy servant upon which thou hast caused me to hope. Behold I am weak, be thou my helper: Behold I am comfortless, be thou my comforter. Restraine his malice that steals thy word from out thy ground, that when the time cometh, thy Harvest may be fruitful, and I thy servant being found faithful may enter into my Master's joy, and be received into eternal Glory.

## S. Hieron.

We are all careful about small matters, and negligent in the greatest; of which this is the reason, We know not where true felicity is.

*The Widow's Distress.*

O vain, so momentany are the pleasures of this world, so transitory is the happiness of mankind, that what with the expectation that goes before it, the cares that go with it, and the griefs that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, than miserable in the enjoying it. The greatest of all worldly joys, are but bubbles full of air, that break with the fulness of their own vanity; and but at best like Jonah's Gourd, which please us while they last, and vex us in the loss. Past and future happiness are the miseries of the time present; and present happiness is but the passage to approaching misery; which being transitory, and meeting with a transitory possessor, perish in the very using. What was mine yesterday in the blessedness of a full fruition, to day hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance, it was mine. The more I call to mind the joys I had, the more sensible I am of the misery I have. My Sun is set, my glory is darkened, and not one star appears in the Firmament of my little world. He from whose loins I came, is taken from me: He to whose bosom I returned, is taken from me. My blessing in the one, my Comforts in the other, are taken from me: And what is left to me but a poor third part of my self to bewail

bewail the loss of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Gibld*, am now known by the off-cast title of an *Orphan*. I that was respected by the honourable title of a *wife*, am now rejected by the despicable name of *widow*. I that flourish'd like a fruitful vine upon the house top, am now neglected and troden under foot. He that like a strong wall supported my tender *Branches* is fallen, and left my *Clusters* to the spoil of ravenous swine. The Spring-tides of my Plenty are spent, and am gravelled on the low ebbs of all wants. The *Sonnets* of my mirth are turned to Elegies of mourning. My *Glory* is put out, and my honour gravels in the dust. I call to my friends, and they neglect me : I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me. My beauty is departed from me, and all my joys are swallowed up.

### *Her Relief.*

But stay, my soul, plunge not too far : shall not he take that gave ? cannot he that took restore ? The Lord is thy portion, who saith,

Psal. 68. 5.

*I will be an husband to the widow, and a Father to the Fatherless.*

Her Proofs.

Exod. 22. 22, 23, 24. and WOLY

YE shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless  
child.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all  
unto me, I will surely hear their cry :  
And my wrath shall rage hot, and I will kill you  
with the sword, and your wives shall be wi-  
dows, and your children fatherless.

Mal. 3. 5.

I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the  
widow and the fatherless.

James 1. 27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Fa-  
ther is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in  
their affliction.

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August.

God is all things to thee. Art thou hungry? he  
is bread : Art thou thirsty? he is water : Art  
thou in darkness? he is light : Art thou na-  
ked? he is a Robe of eternity : Art thou a Wi-  
dow? he is thy Husband : Art thou an Or-  
phan? he is thy Father.

Idem.

Whatsoever is not God is not definable. Whatsoever  
my God bestows upon me, let him deprive me of,  
so as he leave himself: Let him take away his  
gift, so he give me the giver.

Her

## Her Soliloquy.

**H**OW hath the *Sun-shine* of truth discov-  
ered what appeared not by the *Candle-light*  
of Nature ! How many *Atoms* in thy soul hath  
this light descried, which in thy natural *Twil-  
ight* were not visible ! Excessive sadness for so  
great a loss can want no Arguments from *flesh*  
and *bloud*, which Arguments can want no  
weight, if weighed in the partial *balance* of  
*Nature*. A Husband is thy self *divided*; thy  
Children thy self *multiplied*: for whom (when  
snatch'd away) God allows some *grains* to thy  
affections; but when they exceed the allowance,  
they will not pass in *Heaven's* account,  
but must be coin'd again. Couldst thou so of-  
ten offend thy God without a *reap*? and can-  
not he, my soul, displease thee once without so  
*many*? Doth the want of spiritual *graces* not  
trouble thee? and shall a *temporal loss* so much  
torment thee? Is thy Husband taken away, and  
art thou cast down? Hath thy God promised  
to be thy husband, and art thou not comforted?  
True symptoms of more *flesh* than *spirit*. Thy  
husband was the *gift*, thy God the *giver*; and  
wilt thou more disprize the *giver* than the *gift*?  
Be wise, my soul: if thou hast lost a *man*, thou  
hast found a *God*: having therefore wet thy  
wings in natures *shower*, go and dry them in the  
God of *Nature's Sun-shine*.

## His Prayer.

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand pleasures are evermore; that makest the comforts of this life momentary, that we may not over-prize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I a late sharer in this worldly happiness, but a sad witness of its vanity, do here address my self to thee the only crown of all my joys, in whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of change. Lord, thou didst give me what my unthankfulness hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from me what thy goodness hath promised to supply. Thou hast given and thou hast taken, blessed be thy name for ever. Thou then, O God, who art not less able to perform than willing to promise, whose mercy is more ready to bestow than my misery is to beg, strengthen my faith, that I may believe thy promise; encourage my hopes, that I may expect thy performance; quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou all in all to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercy, and lighten my darkness with the Sun of thy glory. Seal in my heart the assurance of adoption, that I may with boldness call thee my Father. Sanctifie my affections with the Spirit of meekness, that my conversation may testify that I am thy child. Wean my heart from worldly

sorrow, lest I mourn like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroom, and let our marriage-Chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the odours of thy Spirit. Prevent me with thy blessings; Protect me by thy Grace; Preserve me for thy self; Prepare me for thy Kingdom. Be thou a Father to bless me; Be thou a Husband to comfort me. In the midst of my want, be thou my plenty: In the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raise my glory from the dust, and then my dust shall shew forth thy praise. Be thou a wall to support my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee: let them flourish in the Sun-shine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy Name.

## Chrys.

*Nothing is more rich than he that undergoes a willing poverty, and bears it with a religious cheerfulness.*

## S. Basil.

*Before we do any thing else, be we careful to consecrate the first-fruits of the day and the very beginnings of our holy thoughts unto the service of God.*

The Afflicted man's Trouble.

**V**HICH way soever I turn mine eyes, I see nothing but spectacles of misery, and emblems of mortality. If I look up, there I behold an angry God, and I am troubled: Look downwards, there I see a prepared Hell, and I am terrified. Look on my right hand, and there prosperity emboldens me to a secure presumption: Look on my left hand, and there adversity enforces me to a sad despair. Look about me, and there I find legions of temptations beleaguering me. Look within me, and there I see a guilty conscience accusing me. In all which I perceive nothing but misery, nothing but man; and in that misery, that periphrase of man, Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not man's time short, man were the miserablest of all creatures, and I the miserablest of all men. I am still haunted with three Enemies, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. The World troubles me with her cares; the Flesh troubles me with infirmities: the Devil troubles me with temptations. If I am rich, I am troubled with fears, to lose; if poor, I am troubled with cares, to get: if single, troubled to seek a wife; if married, troubled to please a wife: If I have children, every child is a new trouble; if childless, I am as much troubled for an heir: If sick, troubled with di-

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tempers and drugs; if sound, troubled with *lust*, or *labour*: if in my business, troubled with  *vexation*; if in my devotion, troubled with *distraction*. Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time, and is full of trouble. Where shall I turn me to avoid this *toil*? What steps shall I tread to escape this trouble? Shall I incline my heart to *mirth*? Mirth is but madness; therefore trouble. Shall I quicken my spirits with plenteous *wine*? In much wine is much distraction, therefore trouble. Or shall my wiser heart search out the bounds of *knowledge*? In much wisdom is much grief; and who increaseth knowledge increaseth trouble. Whom shall I call to aid? To whom shall I address my sad complaints? Call to my *kindred*, they disclaim me: Call to my *friends*, and they deride me. O that I had the wings of a Dove, that I might fly away and be at rest. But whither wouldst thou fly?

### *His Deliverance.*

Flie from thy self, my soul, and hast thee  
to that voice that says,

Psal. 50. 15.

Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will hear thee.

His

His Proofs.

Psal. 91. 15.

**H**E shall call upon me, and I will answer him ;  
I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver  
him and honour him.

Psal. 54. 7.

He hath delivered me out of all my troubles, and mine  
eyes have seen their desire upon mine enemies.

2 Cor. 1. 4.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations; that we may,  
be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by  
the comfort whereby we ourselves are comforted of  
God.

Psal. 81. 7.

Thou calledst to me in trouble, and I delivered thee :  
I answered thee in the secret place of thunder.

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Greg. Mag.

It is the work and providence of God's secret coun-  
sel, that the days of the Elect should be troubled  
in their pilgrimage. This present life is the way  
to our long home : God therefore in his secret wis-  
dom afflicts our travel with continual trouble, lest  
the delight of our journey might take away the de-  
sire of our journeys end.

Bernard.

This life is replenish'd with so many evils, that  
death is rather a remedy than a punishment :  
God therefore hath made it short, that seeing the  
troubles thereof cannot be removed from us, we  
may the sooner be removed from them.

## His Soliloquy.

**B**E wise, my Soul, and what thou canst not remedy, endure. Doth the *World* trouble thee? Cling close to him that hath overcome the *World*. Doth the *Flesh* trouble thee? Mortifie the *Flesh* in thy members. Doth the *Devil* trouble thee? Resist the *Devil*, and he will flee from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy *Abundance*? Be not too careful for to morrow. Art thou troubled with wants in thy *Adversity*? Be contented with the Bread of to day. Doth *Sickness* trouble thee? Make use of it, and submit. Doth strength of constitution trouble thee with *Concupiscence*? *East and pray*. In thy vocation art thou troubled with *Vexation*? Let those vexations wean thee from the *World*. Is thy devotion troubled with *Distractions*? Let those *distractions* bring thee closer to thy *God*. Do *Losses* trouble thee? Make *Godliness* thy gain. Do *Crosses* trouble thee? Make the *Cross* thy *Meditation*. Thus whilst thou strugglest against the *Streams* of *Nature*, thou shall be carried with a gale of *Grace*; and when thy strength shall fail thee, a stronger arm shall strengthen thee. He that brings thee on with courage, will fetch thee off with conquest. Do what thou canst, and pray for what thou canst not.

## His Prayer.

O God that art the searcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquity, the comforter of all true penitents, whose ways are inscrutable, whose judgments are intolerable, whose mercy is incomprehensible; I thy *afflicted* suppliant, sensible of thy displeasure, bewail the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my own Conscience and thy *fatherly corrections*: which way soever I look I see nothing but sin and death, nothing but misery. But, Lord, so infinite is thy mercy above my sin, and so little pleasure takest thou in the destruction of a sinner, that thou hast commanded me to call upon thee in my *trouble*, and hast promised to hear me. In due obedience therefore to thy sweet Command, and in firm confidence of thy gracious Promise, my bended Knees, O God, present thee with a broken Heart. Thy sacrifices, O God, are a contrite spirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise. Lord, I am weak, strengthen me with thy Grace; Mine enemies are strong, weaken them with thy power; Suppress the cares of the World that so *oppress* me; subdue the exorbitances of the Flesh that so *moleft* me; curb the insolencies of the Devil that so *afflict* me; endue my arm with power, and arm my heart with *patience*. Make haste, O God, to hear me; make speed, O Lord, to help me. Break not thy Covenant with thy servant,

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O God, nor alter what thy lips have uttered. Remember thy promise to the son of thy Hand-maid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble. I call to thee in the time of my distress : deliver me, O God, according to thy Word. Consider, O Lord, I am but dust : O magnifie thy power in my weakness. Remember, O God, that I have been long afflicted : O magnifie thy mercy in my deliverance : For in death there is no remembrance of thee, and in the grave what tongue can praise thee ? My bones are vexed, and my soul is troubled ; but thou, O Lord, how long ? how long ? Behold my griefs, for they are great : Regard my troubles, for they are many. Quicken my soul for thy Name's sake, and bring me out of all my troubles ; then shall my soul rejoice in thy salvation, and magnifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Aug.

No servant of Christ is without affliction. If you expect to be free from persecution, you have not yet so much as begun to be a Christian.

S. Paul.

Through many tribulations we must enter into the Kingdom of God.

The

## The Deserted man's Misery.

**V**hen I consider but the goodness of my God in offering his gracious favours to me, and my own vileness in refusing of such gracious offers, I cannot chuse but wonder at his mercy, in that I live, and am not snatched away from the possibility of *Repentance*. But ah ! what comfort is a life that is branded with the *mark of death* ? And what happiness is this *possibility* of *Repentance*, which hath no strength to actualize it but thy own ? My soul, in what a case art thou ? Into what a miserable estate art thou reduced ? Thou hast forsaken thy God, and I fear thy God hath forsaken thee. Methinks I want the glory of that *Sun* that once reviv'd me ; methinks I lack the Comfort of those *beams* that once refresh'd me : methinks I fear where no fear is, and where I most should fear, I find my self no whit afraid. Those heavenly *Raptures* which heretofore surprized my ravish'd soul, have now no relish in my drowsie ear : Those heart-confounding Judgments whose very whispers in former times would split my soul in sunder, now move not if they thunder : Those sinful thoughts that pierce my soul like Mil-stones, can now be acted and reacted without a sigh : Those heavenly *Prophets* whose presence filled me with delight, now trouble not my patience with their

their absence. My heart is a lump of dead flesh, my soul is stricken with a dead palsie, my affections with a Lethargie. My zeal is frozen, my faith is bed-rid, my charity is dead, and my greatest grief is that I cannot grieve. The mark of Cain is upon me, and I fear that every beast that meets me will devour me. O my soul, what comfort can remain with thee, when the God of comfort hath forsaken thee? What safety canst thou find, when thou hast lost the God of peace? What would I not forgo, that I might re-obtain my God? What pleasure would I not abjure, that I might regain his gracious pleasure?

#### *His Comfort.*

Chear up, my soul; who gives thee a heart to desire, will likewise give thee thy hearts desire. Let not his seeming absence dismay thee: The sense of his absence is the Symptom of his presence. Let his Word be an Antidote for thy despair, which saith,

Isa. 54. 7.

*For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.*

His

His Proofs.

Deut. 4. 31.

THE Lord thy God is a merciful God ; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the Covenant of thy fathers, which he sware unto them.

2 Cor. 4. 9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Josh. 1. 5.

I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.

Nehem. 9. 31.

For thy great mercies sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them ; for thou art a gracious and a merciful God.

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Ambr.

Let no man despair ; let none conscious of his old sins make himself uncapable of divine grace : For God knows how to change his sentence, if man endeavours to forsake his sin.

Bernard.

When-ever thou feelst the burthen of temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aid in all extremities ; and say, Lord, save us, for we perish. This keeper never sleeps nor slumbers ; though for a time he seems afar off, fear not, he will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

*His Soliloquy.*

IF thy *breadth*, O my soul, fail thee but a minute, thou diest ; if thy *health* forsake thee awhile, thou languishest ; if thy *sleep* leave thee, thou art distempered : No wonder if thy God withdraws, that thou art troubled. Deject not, O my soul, nor let thy thoughts despair. Stay thee with his Promises, and comfort thee with his Mercies. Dost thou mourn for him ? Thou shalt be *comforted* in him. Dost thou thirst after him ? Thou shalt be *filled* with him. He that suffers not a *cup* of cold *water* for his sake, to go unrewarded, will not permit a *Tear* for his love to be unregarded. He withdraws to sharpen thy desire : He seems lost to *inflame* the seeker : He forsakes thee awhile, that he may be thine for ever. Thou wantest him, because thou desirest him : Thou desirest him, because thou lovest him : Thou couldest not love him had he not first loved thee, and whom he loves he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath sent him from thee, let thy diligence draw him to thee : if thou hast lost him by thy sin, seek him by true Repentance : and if thou find him by thy Prayers, entertain him with thy Thanksgiving.

## His Prayer.

O God, without the Sun-shine of whose gracious eye the creature sits in darkness and the shadow of death, whose presence is the very life and true delight of those that love thee, cast down thy eyes of pity upou a lost sheep of Israel, which hath wandred from thy Fold into the Desert of his own Lust. What dangers can I chuse but meet, that have run my self out of thy Protection? What Sanctuary can secure me, that have left the Covert of thy wings? What comfort can I expect, O God, that have forsaken thee the God of comfort and consolation? Return thee, O great Shepherd of my soul, and with thy Crook reduce me to thy Fold. Thou art my way, conduct me: Thou art my light, direct me: Thou art my life, quicken me. Disperse these Clouds of sins that stand betwixt thy angry face and my benighted soul. Remove that cursed bar which my Rebellion hath set betwixt thy deafned Ear and my confused Prayers: and let thy comfortable beams reflect upon me. Leave me not, O God, unto my self: O Lord, forsake me not too long: for in me dwells nothing but despair, and the terrors of Hell have taken hold of me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove this heart of stone, and give me, O good God, a heart of flesh; that it may be capable of thy mercies, and sensible of thy judg-

judgments. Plant in my heart a fear of thy name, and deliver my soul from carnal security. Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou lovest, and hate what thou hatest. Kindle my zeal with a coal from thine Altar, and encrease my faith by the assurance of thy love. O holy fire, that always burnest and never goest out, kindle me: O sacred light, that always shinest and art never dark, illuminate me. O sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the shafts of thy love, that it may burn and melt, and languish with the only desire of thee. Let it always desire thee, and seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee. Be thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions; that both my thoughts, my words and my actions being sanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

S. Chrys.

*To suffer patiently is a greater gift than to raise the dead.*

Mat. 26. 41.

*Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.*

## The Humble man's Depression.

**H**OW more than happy are those sons of men that measure no further ground than from the sacred Font unto their peaceful Grave ! How blessed are those Infants which never lived to taste those dear-bought *penny-worths* of deceitful earth ! Alas ! there is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of pleasure-gilded *grief*; here is nothing but substantial *sorrows*, clothed in the shades of false delight. Look where I list, there is nothing can appear before my eye but sorrow, the lamentable object of my misery : contemplate where I list, here is nothing can present my thoughts but *Misery*, the object of my mourning. My soul is a sparkle of *divine fire*, but quench'd with *lust*; an *Image* of my glorious Creator, but blurr'd with *sin*; a parcel of mortal *immortality*, reserv'd for *death*. My *understanding* is darkned with *error*; my *judgement* is perverted with *partiality*; my *will* is diverted with *sensuality*. My *memory*, like a sieve, retains the *Bran*, and lets the *flower* pass: my *affections* are aguish to *good*, and fevourish to *evil*; my *faith* wavers; my *hope* tires; my *charity* freezes: my *thoughts* are vain, my *words* are idle, my *actions* sinful. My *body* is a Tabernacle of *grief*, an Hospital of *Diseases*, a tenement of *Death*, a sepulchre of a *sinful Soul*. O my soul, how canst thou own thy self without

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out dejection, that canst not view thy self without corruption? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few tears; a lump of Earth, quickned with a span of life? Thy life is short and evil; truly miserable, because evil; only happy, because short. When thou endeavourest good, thy heart faints: when thou strugglest with evil, thy strength fails. For this my soul is humbled, and my spirits are deprest: For this I loath my self, and view my misery with indignation.

*His Exaltation.*

But cheer up, my soul, and let not thy thoughts be over-prest. The Ball that is thrown against the ground rebounds. Humility is the Harbinger of Grace. Art thou humbled? fear not: Dost thou fear? despair not: Dost thou despair? persist not. Heark what the God of truth hath said,

Luke 14. 11.  
He that is humble shall be exalted;

S. Ambros. in hexaemer. de Virg. lib. 3:

The Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed, which do seal up our hearts unto the service and love of God, are daily to be repeated every Morning.

His

*His Proofs.*

Prov. 29. 23.

**A** Man's pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

1 Pet. 5. 6.

Humble yourselves under the mighty Hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Job 22. 29.

When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, there is lifting up; and God shall save the humble person.

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*Cassiod.*

By humility the Members of Christ know how to overcome the pride of the Devil. By this the faithful command: By this tyranny is conquered: By this the Martyrs are crowned. Neither can there be a perfection of virtue, where there is a defect of humility.

*S. August.*

The Kingdom is glorious, the way to it lieth low: Wilt thou desire thy journeys end, and yet refuse the way?

Ambr.

Humility, by not seeking, obtains what it commis.

*His*

## His Soliloquy.

ALL virtues, as well *Theological* as *Moral*, are besieged with two vices : *Humility*, the fundamental of all virtues, is not exempted. Some puff up with their own lowliness, grow proud because humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperistasis*; this is *Spiritual pride*: Others taking too single a view of their own corruptions, and more sensible of the disease than of the remedy, are cast into despondency of mind; and this is called *dejection*. The first froths up into *presumption*; the second settles down into a *despair*. How canst thou, O my soul, in this Tempest escape this *Scylla*, or avoid that *Charybdis*? Dost thou fear the tossing waves? contract thy *sails*. Fearest thou the *Quick-sands* & use thy *Compass*. He that stills the waves will assist thee; he that commands the Sea will advise thee. Look not only on thy *Load-stone*, for then thou wilt not see thy danger; nor only on thy *misery*, for then thou wilt not be sensible of thy *deliverance*. If thy *bumility* puff thee up, thou art not fit for mercy: If *Dejection* knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my foul, to God's mercy, so as thou mayest be sensible of thy own *misery*; and so look down on thine own misery, as thou mayest be capable of God's mercy.

*His Prayer.*

Eternal God, who scatterest the *proud* in the Imagination of their hearts, and givest Grace to the humble and contrite *spirit*, bow down thy gracious ear to me vile dust and ashes, whose misery thus casts it self before thy mercy. Lord, I am ashamed of mine own corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition. I am not an object for mine own eyes without disdain, nor a subject for my own thoughts without contempt : yet am I bold to prestrate my vile self before thy glorious eyes, and to present my sinful prayers before thy gracious ears. Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my misery, I could look for no compassion ; and if thy grace transcended not my sin, I could expect nothing but confusion. O thou that madest me of nothing, renew me that have made my self far less than nothing. Revive those sparkles in my soul which lust hath quench'd : Cleanse thine image in me, which my sin hath blurr'd ; Enlighten my understanding with thy Truth : Rectifie my judgment with thy word : Direct my will with thy Spirit : Strengthen my memory to retain good things : Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things. Encrease my faith ; Encourage my hope ; Quicken my charity ; Sweeten my thoughts with thy Grace ; Season my words with thy Spirit ; Sanctifie my actions with thy Wisdom ; Subdue the Insolence of my

my rebellious flesh; restrain the fury of my unbridled passions; reform the frailty of my corrupted nature: Encline my heart to desire what is good, and bless my endeavours that I may do what I desire. Give me a true knowledge of my self, and make me sensible of mine own infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve; that I may be truly thankful for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keep me from despair, in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude; that being timely quickned with the sense of thy goodness, and truly humbled by the sight of mine own weakness, I may be here exalted by the vertue of thy grace, and hereafter advanced to the Kingdom of thy glory.

S. Bern.

*Wherefore should not man greatly humble himself under a God of so great humility?*

Mat. 5. 9.

*Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.*

## The Sinner's Conflict.



When Sin entered into the World,  
Death followed. The Scripture  
tells me of two deaths, the first  
and the second, this *spiritual*,  
that *natural*: the first, a separa-  
tion of the body and the soul, and is *temporal*;  
the second, a *separation* of the body and soul  
from the favour of God, and is *eternal*: the first  
is *terrible*, the second *intolerable*. If the first  
death so terrified the Lord of life, how terrible  
will the second be to me the 'child of death'?  
If every trivial grief disturbs my thoughts, if  
every petty sickness dis tempers my body, if  
the very thought of death dismay my soul,  
how horrible will death it self appear? O  
when the silver *Cord* shall be dissolved, the  
golden *Bowl* demolish'd, the *Pitcher* at the  
*Fountain* broken, the *Cistern*-wheels stopt, how  
will the whole *universe* of my afflicted body be  
perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every  
man that hath been, is, and shall be, a death as  
oft repeated as the Sea-shore hath sands, all  
this were nothing to a minutes torment of the  
second death. O treacherous and soul-destroy-  
ing sin, how hast thou thus betrayed me to eter-  
nal death by thy false, momentany and de-  
ceitful *pleasures*? How hast thou bewitch'd  
me with flattering smiles, and with thy coun-  
terfeit delights thus tickled me to death? Thou  
thou hast not only deprived me of a transitory  
life,

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life, but led me into the hideous jaws of an everlasting death. Thou hast not only divorced my miserable soul from her beloved body, but separated both soul and body from the favours of my God, and left them to the insufferable torments of eternity. O my soul, can thy life be less than miserable, which being ended is transported to so infinite a misery? How can thy death be less than terrible, which opens the Gates to such eternal torments? What wilt thou do? Or whither wilt thou flee? Thy actions cannot save thee, nor thy flight secure thee. Death is thy enemy, who taking the advantage of thy lusts, hath strengthned it self through thy weakness,

### His Conquest.

Repair to thy colours, O my soul, the Lord of life is thy General: He hath foil'd thy enemy and disarm'd him. Stand fast: He is conquer'd, if thou strive to conquer. Hark what thy General saith;

Revel. 2.11.

He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.

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S. Chrys. de orando Deum.

I cannot but admire and wonder at the great love of God towards man, for vouchsafing him so high an honour, as familiarity to speak unto him by prayer.

Hin

Her Proofs.

Rev. 2. 7.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

Rev. 3. 21.

To him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my Throne; even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his Throne.

Rev. 2. 17.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the bidden Manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.

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Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this World for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

Hieron. in Epist.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

Savonar.

If there be no enemy, no fight: if no fight, no victory: if no victory, no crown.

*His Soliloquy.*

OUR life is a *warfare*, and every Christian is two *Soldiers*. The Army consists of *good* and *evil* motions; these under the conduct of the flesh, those under the command of the spirit. The two *Generals*, God and the Devil: the Field the Heart: the Word, on the one side, *Glory*, on the other side, *Pleasure*: the reward of both *Eternity*; on that side, of *bapping*, on this side, of *t torment*. How is thy heart, O my soul, like *Rebecca's womb*? How do two *Nations* strive within thee? Chear up, take courage in the *Reward* that is set before thee. So fight, that thou mayest *conquer*; so run, that thou mayest *obtain*. Let not the *policy* of the *Enemy* dismay thee, nor thine own *frowns* disanimate thee. Advance therefore, O my dull soul; fear not the fiery *darts* of *Satan*, nor be afraid of his Arrow that flies by night. Press towards the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit resist to *Cloud*. Take courage from thy *cause*: thou fightest for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takest up arms against his *Enemy*, and thy rebellious *Lusts*. Is thy *Enemy* too potent? fear not. Art thou besieged, faint not. Art thou routed? flee not. Call aid, and thou shalt be strengthened: Petition, and thou shalt be relieved: Pray, and thou shalt be recruited.

say you told me a few words before I left you, to which I listened. *His Prayer.*

O God to whom belong the issues of death, at whose terrible Name the very Foundation of my Soul trembles, I a poor convicted sinner, accused by my own Conscience, and ready to be condemned by thy justice, do here, in the very wounding of my heart, confess my self a miserable creature. I have nothing to plead. O God, but mercy; and where shall I find that mercy but in my merciful Redeemer? Blessed Redeemer, that hast promised victory to those that strive, and life to those that overcome, teach thou my hands to war, and my fingers to fight. Give me a loyal heart, that the inticements of the World may not seduce it; Give me a constant spirit, that the pleasures of the Flesh may not entice it; Give me a wise fore-cast, that the subtlety of the Devil may not entrap me. Let not the multitude of mine enemies discourage me, nor the greatness of their powers dismay me, nor the weakness of my arm dishearten me. Thou that gavest little *Israel* victory against great *Pharaoh*, strengthen me; Thou that gavest little *David* the day against great *Goliath*, succour me; Thou that gavest single *Sampson* conquest against the numerous *Philistines*, save me. Lord, fight against them that fight against my soul. Arise, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded. Lord, shield me from the fury of my own corruptions, for they are many; Deliver me from

the imaginations of my own heart, for they are evil, and that continually. Let not the frailty of my youth beset me, and keep me from the danger of my secret sins. Double my watchfulness upon my *Dashab*, that is so apt to kiss me and betray me. Without thy grace I have no will to strive, no power to stand, no hope to conquer. Sustain me, that I may not faint; Second me, that I may not flee; Strengthen me, that I may not yield. Gird my loyns with Truth, and let my breast-plate be thy Righteousness; that putting on the Helmet of salvation, I may fight a good fight, and receive a *Crown* of glory; that having past the terrors of the first death, I may escape the torments of the second, and triumph with thee in the Kingdom of glory.

## S. Cyprian.

*For why were we listed into the bands of his militia, if we look for nothing but peace, and do shun and refuse the difficulties of his service?*

## Anonym.

*If we do but resist, we have overcome; and cannot be conquered but by our own treachery.*

## Sion's Decay.



Oft ask me, Why so sad? Or can my sorrow be thy wonder? Canst thou or can thy eye expect a *Sun-shine* where the greater *Lamp* of Heaven is eclipsed? or can my soul be frolick when the *Vineyard* of my heart is *blasted*? Can the *children* of the *Bride-chamber* chuse but hang their heads, to see the *Bridegroom* *slighted*, and the *Bride*'s lovely cheeks *profaned* with every peasant hand? Can poor affrighted *Lambs* wanton and frisk upon the pleasant plains, whenas their worried *Mothers* tremble at the *Quest* of every *Cur*? What *member* can rejoice, whenas the *body* is dismembred? *Sion*, the *glory* of Heaven, is darkned, and her bright beams obscured. *Sion*, the *Vineyard* of our souls, is blasted, and her *clusters* are grown sour. *Sion*, the *Bride* of my *Redeemer*, is defiled, her bloud-wash'd *Robes* are sullied and flubbered. *Sion*, the *Mistress* of our *Flocks*, is over-power'd, and her tender *Lambs* have no protection. *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her *uberous* breasts are dry. *Sion*, the glorious Corporation of the *Elect*, is factious in it self, and her *Members* are disjoyned. Ah! how can my distressed soul find *rest*, when *Sion* the *rest* of my distressed soul is *oppress'd*? How many of her dearest children are now tugging at the slavish *cur* of *Infidels*? How many roaring under the

imperious hand of the daughter of Babylon? How many banished from their native soils, and driven from their usurped possessions? This Vine which Heavens right hand hath planted, is decayed, her Fences broken, her Hedge troden down; her body torn by Schismatics, cankered with Hereticks, blasted with fiery Spirits; her Branches rent with the wild Boar, her Grapes devoured with the wily Fox. Her Shepherds are turned Wolves, and have devoured her Flocks. Confusion is within her walls, and desolation is near unto her gates. O Jerusalem, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I prize not thee above my greatest joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof.

### *Her Defence.*

But heark, I hear a heavenly voice whispering glad tidings in my ear, which faith,

*Isa. 27. 3.*

*I the Lord do keep it, and will water it.*

### S. Ambros.

*The Catholick Church is always vested with the garments of Christ, and therefore ever under his protection.*

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## Part II. for afflicted souls. 172

### Her Proofs.

Psal. 69. 35.

**T**he Lord will save Sion, and will build the Cities of Juda; that they may dwell there, and have it in possession.

Psal. 87. 5.

Of Sion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her.

Isa. 14. 32.

The Lord hath founded Sion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it.

Isa. 12. 6.

Cry out and shout thou inhabitant of Sion, for great is the Holy one of Israel in the midst of thee.

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Orig. Hom. 10. in divers.

O holy Lord, how happy are they that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all those that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee. For behold, thy Love sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee. She trusted in thee, and she is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee than she expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deservesth so sweet a saying. For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

## Her Soliloquy.

WHO is not interested in the *miseries* of Sion? What sadness may not be justified in her *calamity*? O my soul, thou mayest here spend thy self in holy passion, and dissolve thy self in tears: But yet be wisely sad; let not thy tears exceed thy *confidence*, nor let thy grief exclude thy hope. Mourn not for the *Bride*, as if the *Bridegroom* were not; or being, had no power; or having power, wanted *will*; or having will, were like thy self *forgetful*. No, no, my soul, he that suffers her to suffer, will *sustain* her in her sufferance and *Crown* her sufferings; When she is persecuted, she *prospers*; when she is oppress'd, she *flourishes*; in her contempt she gains *honour*; in her wounds, *victories*; in her reproach, *credit*; in her patience, a *Crown*; and with her *Crown* of thorns, a *Crown* of *glory*. Can she be more like her *Bridegroom* than in *affliction*? Can she more resemble her *Husband* than in *persecution*? Remember, O my soul, she is a plant of his right hands planting, and who can pluck it up? Fear not, this *Vine* must prosper in spight of opposition. Yet know, my soul, thou shalt not prosper, nor see good days, unless thou wish *prosperity to Jerusalem*, and pray for *Peace in Sion*.

*The Prayer.*

O God, that art the beauty of Sion, and the glory of thy Jerusalem, and the joy of thine elect, behold the mangled body of thy distressed Church; relieve the miseries of her distempered members. She is our Lamp, illuminate her with thy glory; She is thy Vine, O fructifie her with thy grace; She is thy Bride, embrace her in thy love; She is thy Flock, protect her by thy power; She is our Body, rectifie her with thy health; We are her members, sanctifie us with thy righteousness. Let not the malice of Satan discourage her: Let not the counsels of the wicked disturb her: Let not the gates of Hell prevail against her. Give verity in her doctrine, unity in her self, uniformity in her discipline, universality in her progress: Repair her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wild Boar. Bless all such as love her; and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy justice. Let her appear to be thy daughter, and let the King's daughter be all glorious within. Let her be known to be thy Ark, and let Dagon fall down before her. Purge her from error, heresie, ignorance and superstition; and being purged, O take thou pleasure in her beauty. Behold her Branches which suffer for thy name and give them deliverance or patience. Let no weapon that is formed against thy Church prosper, and let all tongues that speak against her

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her be confounded. Let her gates be always open, and glorifie the house of thy glory. Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, that he may guard this Plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy justice to the King, and thy righteousness to the Kings Son. Season thy Seminaries with thy truth; and bless the house of *Levi*, and bless the house of *Aaron*. Turn thy countenance to thy first love, the *Jews*; and take not thy Candlestick from thy chosen, the *Gentiles*: that having one Shepherd, we may be one *Flock*; and having one faith, we may be one *Church*; and having one heart to please thee, we may have one voice to praise thee, here militant in the Kingdom of Grace, and hereafter triumphant in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Cyprian.

*He cannot have God to be his Father, who owns not the Church as his Mother.*

S. Ambrosi.

*Arise therefore, run to the Church: there is the Father, there is the Son, there is the Holy Ghost.*

*The Mourner's Calamity.*

OR Stoicism to rejoice at *Funerals* and lament at *Births* of men, is more absonant to *Nature* than to *Reason*. Too self-indulgent *Nature* would preserve her self on any terms; but well-instructed *Reason* holds a *Being* but an ill-peny-worth purchased on condition of so long a *misery*. Who knows himself a *Man*, needs seek no further for a cause to mourn: For what is man but a Sampler of *weakness*, the spoil of *Time*, the May-game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconstancy*, the balance of *Calamity*? and what besides, but *Pblegm* and *Choler*? His *Birth* is a painful coming into the World; his *life* a sinful continuance in the World; his *death* a dreadful going out of the World. His *Birth* brings him into the shop of sin; his *Childhood* binds him Apprentice to sin; his *Youth* makes him free in sin; his *full Age* trades in sin; his *old Age* breaks him; his *last sickness* arrests him, and *Death* casts him into Prison. The pleasure he takes is to displease his God; his *business* is to disturb his Neighbour; his *study* is to destroy himself: his best labour is but *vanity*, and the fruit of that labour is *vexation of spirit*. His *mirth* is a *short madness*, his *sorrow* a *long torment*, his *recreation* a *formal Antick*, his *devotion* an *antick formality*: his course of life is a *Quotidian ague*, whose cold fits are *loth* and *charisy*,

charity, whose hot fits are wrath and concupiscence; his pleasures are but airy shadows to beguile him; his honours are but frosty pleasures to betray him; his profit is but golden fitters to bestave him, the effect whereof is sin, the end whereof is death. In brief, he that would learn to be a Mourner, let him remember that he is a Man. O my soul, is this the pleasure that this World promises? Is this that happiness that this great promiser affords? Had man no hopes of greater happiness than Earth can give, how more unhappy were he than a beast! What happiness can counterpoise his sorrow? What mirth can countervail his misery? What comfort is there in this House of Mourning? Where then shall I repose my trust? On whom shall my crush'd hopes rely?

*His Consolation.*

Darest thou believe the word of Truth?  
Heark what the word of Truth hath said,

Mat. 5. 4.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

His

His Proofs.

Psal. 119. 50.

**T**his is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word  
hast quickened me.

Isa. 61. 2.

Proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the  
day of vengeance, to comfort all that mourn.

Jer. 31. 13.

I will turn their mourning into joy, and will  
comfort them, and make them rejoice from their  
sorrow.

Psal. 71. 20, 21.

Thou which hast shewed me great and sore trou-  
bles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring  
me up again from the depth of the Earth. Thou  
shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on  
every side.

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Aug. Soliloq. cap. 23.

There was a great dark cloud of calamity before  
mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Ju-  
stice and the light of truth: But, Lord, thou  
art my God, who hast led me from darkness and  
the shadow of death; hast called me into this  
glorious light, and behold, I see.

Kemp. lib. 3. cap. 50.

There is none under Heaven that can comfort me,  
but thou my Lord God, the Heavenly Physician  
of souls, that strikest and bealest, bringest into  
Hell and dravest out again.

His

His

## His Soliloquy.

Misery is the badge of mortality, and mortality the lot of man. He that views himself impartially, needs seek no subject for a tear; yet, O my soul, hadst thou not seen thine own misery, how more miserable hadst thou been! Hadst thou been hood-winkt to thy corruptions, hadst thou been blind to thine infirmities, had thy filth been painted over with vanity, how had the way to thy redress been block'd up; How hadst thou stumbled at thy self, and fallen at thine own destruction! O my soul, it is a great part of safety, to see a danger; a good step towards health, to discover the disease; a fair progresst towards happiness, to behold thine own misery. But Evils discovered, and no more, grow sharper by the discovery. He only uses a foreseen danger, that endeavours to avoid it: He profits by a discovered disease, that labours to amend it: He takes benefit by prevised misery, that strives to eschew it. Being fairly warn'd, my soul, be thou as strongly arm'd. Dost thou plead weakness? be courageous, and thou shalt be victorious. Does sadness cool thy courage? be patient, and thou shalt be comforted: remember thou art militant. Dost thou find thy self timorous? strengthen thy self with resolution. Dost thou find thy self spent? fortifie thy self by Prayer.

**O** God that hearest the *sighing* of a contrite heart, and bottlest up the tears of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious ear and hear the torments of a *grieved* breast. Look on my *tears*, and read in them what my closed lips are even ashamed to utter. Thou madest me free, but I have lost my freedom by my rebellion. Thou madest me like thy self, but I have blurred thine image by my sin: Thou madest me clean and holy, but I have swallowed in the mire of my own corruptions: Thou madest me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy dishonour: Thou madest me a Man, but I have made my self a worm, and no man. Lord, I see the *miser*y of my own condition, and without thy mercy I am worse than nothing: But thou art gracious, and of great compassion, and thy Truth endures from Generation to Generation. Lord, thou hast promised joy to those that *grieve*, and *comfort* to them that *mourn*: In full assurance of thy gracious promise, upon my bended knees I humbly sue for thy seasonable performance. Strengthen me, that I may endure this nights *sorrow*, and let the joy of thy good Spirit *shear* me in the *morning*. Let me not *grieve* like those that go into the pit, nor let my *mourning* be like theirs that have no hope. Let not the vain comforts of the world please me, nor the dead pleasures of the earth rejoice me. Make me

me a willing Prisoner to my grief, until thou please to shew thy self the God of consolation. Sanctifie my sorrows to me, and direct my mourning to the right object. Open the flood-gates of mine eyes, that I may weep bitterly for my offences. Dissolve my head into a tide of tears, that thou mayest wash away the filth of my corruptions. Let nothing stop the current but the assurance of thy love; and let my furrowed cheeks be dried in the Sun-shine of thy favour. Accept, O God, of this wet sacrifice of tears, and let my groaning be a peace-offering for my trespasses. Look at thy right hand, and for his sake that sits there, grant these my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promise and his merits; that my sad soul being relieved by thy mercy, may receive endless comfort, and thy Name eternal Glory.

S. Greg.

To consider what dolours deserve to be made the punishment of disobedience, will much abate those sorrows that we have for any affliction.

S. Paul.

For these light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for us a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

*The Serpent's Subtilty.*

Hat miserable dignity belongs unto the honourable name of man? What sad Prerogatives pertain to that unhappy Generation of Mankind! Ah! what is Man but a polluted lump of living clay, a little heap of self-corrupted earth, created to happiness, born to sorrow? And what is Mankind but a transitory succession of misery, on whom Mortality is generally entail'd from Generation to Generation? Each particular man is the short and sad story of Mankind, written by his own dear experience in a more favourable style, wherein every one is naturally inclined to spare himself, and hide his nakedness among the shades, where being lost, he seeks himself unfound, or finds himself unknown, or knows himself most miserable. The Devil appeared not as a *Lion*; strength could not constrain an upright soul. He appeared not as a *Dragon*; fear could not compel a dauntless Spirit. But he appeared a *Serpent*, to insinuate and creep into the bosom of his soft affections. How often is this story acted by me the miserablest of Adam's sons? Behold how the forbidden Tree of vain delights stands laden with her pleasant fruits. See how the *Serpent* twists and winds, and tempts the weaker vessel of my body, which having yielded, tastes and tempts my better part. Which done, what nakedness, what

what shame presents before my guilty eyes? What slight excuses (patch'd like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakedness, my shame? And when the voice of my crying conscience calls me in the cool of my lust, O how I start, and tremble, and seek for *covert* among the Trees? where being found at last and questioned, my soul accuses the infirmity of my body, my body accuses that Serpentine temptation; so that all three being partners in *sin*, are sad partakers of the punishment. Thus every minute, O my foul, art thou surprized; thus every moment doth this twisting *Serpent* tempt and overcome thy frailty; thus every minute are eternal deaths still multiplied upon thee. What hopes hast thou in thy collapsed estate to overcome that *Serpent* which Adam in his perfection did not conquer?

### *His Defeat.*

Chear up, my soul, there is a *Champion* found shall curb this *Serpents* power, and Heaven hath spoke it.

Gen. 3. 15.

*The seed of the woman shall break the Serpents head.*

His. Proofs.

Rom. 16. 20.

**A**ND the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

1 Joh. 3. 8.

For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil.

Rev. 17. 14.

He shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome him.

Ephes. 6. 16.

Above all things take the shield of Faith, where-with ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of Satan.

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Chrysost. super Mat.

He forced him not ; he touched him not ; only said, Cast thy self down : that we may know, who-soever obeyeth the Devil, casteth himself down : for the Devil may suggest, compel he cannot.

Bern. in Serm.

It is the Devils part to suggest ; Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so oft we overcome him ; so often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God, who proposeth us, that we may contend ; and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

His

## His Soliloquy.

MAN by the power of the transcendent Good, was created good, with a power to continue good. Man through disobedience lost this power, and that arbitrary goodness is turned to necessary evil. The whole Mass is corrupted, and lies in the same condition it made it self: but God out of an unsearchable love to his Creature, out of his infinite Wisdom (not violating his Justice) found a way to exercise his mercy; drawing what handfuls he pleased (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this lump, the rest he left to it self. As it had been no injustice in God to leave the whole in the perdition it had cast it self, so it was an inscrutable mercy to draw out some part out of that self-made perdition. This Redemption, O my soul, was a Legacy given at the death of thy Redeemer; and thy business is to search the Will, and in it thy interest. But where is that Will? Search the Scriptures. But how shall it appear by searching? By the fruit thou shalt know the Tree. Examine thy heart. Dost thou find there a love to God for his own sake, and a love to thy Neighbour for God's sake, and to both for obedience sake? Go thy ways, thou art in the Will; and the seed of the woman hath broke the Serpent's head.

## His Prayer.

O God, that didst create mankind for the glory of thy holy Name, and redeemedst Man being lost with the bloud of thy only Son, and hast preserved him by thy free mercy and continual providence; I, a poor son of miserable Adam, do here acknowledge my self unworthy of the least of all thy mercies. Lord, what am I, that thou should'st look upon me? and what is the son of thy handmaid, that thou should'st think upon him? I know the best of all my actions are unclean, and these my very prayers are abomination in thy sight: My thoughts, my words, nay the whole course of my life is *sin*, and there is nothing in me which deserves not *death*. Yet, Lord, even for the Altars sake on which I offer up this sinful sacrifice, loath not the Prayers of my polluted lips, or stop thy ears against my sad complaints. Lord, I am as vile as *sin* can make me, and deserve what curse thy *wrath* can lay upon me. I brought *corruption* from the womb, and suck'd *Rebellion* from the very breast. My life is nothing but a *Trade* of sin, wherein I hourly heap unto my self wrath against the day of wrath: insomuch that wert thou not more merciful to me than I am or can be to my self, I had been now roaring under thy *justice*, that am here begging for thy *mercy*. Lord, I am nothing but *infirmitie*, and daily wallow in my own *corruptions*.

The old  
Serpent

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Serpent continually besieges me, and the feebleness of my old man cannot resist him. Arise, O God, and crush thy enemy and mine, whose fury through my confusion aims at thy dishonour. Let the seed of the woman quicken in my soul, and strengthen my weakness to encounter with temptation. Let it, O let it break the Serpent's head, that I may conquer for the time to come: and give thou me a broken heart, that I may grieve for the time past: give me water from the spring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of death. Strengthen the new man in me, and let the power of the old man languish daily: that being confident in thy promise, I may be sensible of thy performance; and being freed by thy power, I may be filled with thy praise, and glorifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Greg.

Holy Job was more Satans torture, than Satan was the others tempter.

S. Ambros.

It is necessary that the perverse sinner, whom the longanimity of the patience of God could not mend, should be tormented with eternal punishment.

The

## The Sinners Poverty.



Herein doth this my *natural State* excel a beast? In what one thing? Am I not worse? Their outward senses are more perfect; my inward senses are less pure. Their *natural Instinct* desires good, and chuses it; but my *perverted Will* sees good, and yet declines it. They eat being satisfied with *moderation*: per chance I *want*, or *surfeit*. They sleep secure from *fears* and *cares*, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to Heaven and are fed by *providence*; I, trusting to my self, want through my *Imprudence*. The worthless *Sparrows* are lodg'd in their downy feathers; the silly *Sheep* repos'd in their warm fleeces: but I have nothing to cover my *nakedness*, nothing to hide my *shame*. Naked I was born into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call my own, or if I have, it is lost with the desire of having. I look into my *Soul*, and can find nothing there but the absence of what I had, or the defect of what I want. I pry into my *Understanding*, and there I find nothing but *darkness*: I search into my *Will*, and there I find nothing but *perverseness*: I examine my *Affections*, and there I find nothing but *disorder*: I view my *disposition*, and there I find nothing but *dissenter*. What I had I have not, and what I

want

want I cannot gain. If I have obtained any thing that is good, I quickly lose it, for want of knowledge how to prize it. If I find any good which I had lost, I keep it not, for want of wisdom how to use it. When I call my conscience to account, mine own soul is brib'd against me; and when I call my course of life to question, my frailties flatter me. If the sense of misery should force me to my forgotten prayers, I falter, and my distraction denies me utterance; or if my hopeful thoughts permit my formal lips to recommend my griefs to Heaven, my guilt despairs of entrance; or if a flash of zeal should wing my prayers, and dart them up into the Almights ears, my unrepented sins forbid them audience. Heavens gates are lock'd against me, and the keys are lost by my neglect. My sighs want strength to shoot the lock, nor can my stronger groans enforce the portals open.

#### *His Relief.*

Chear up, my soul, the keys are in a faithful hand, nor is the keeper far: Call him, and thou shalt hear him say,

Luke 11. 9.

*Ask, and thou shalt have; seek, and thou shalt find; knock, and it shall be opened to thee.*

His Proofs.

Mat. 7. 11.

If you, being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things unto them that ask him?

John 14. 22.

But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it unto thee.

Mat. 21. 22.

All things whatsoever ye shall ask by prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

James 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask it of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

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S. Bern.

It is easier that heaven and earth should pass, than if thou seek God, not to find him, or than if thou ask, not to receive, or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chrys. hom. 5. in epist. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things, because I have Christ: having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universal reward.

His

## His Soliloquy.

C Anst thou, O my soul, wonder at thy wants, when thou wantest *Him* that is the only supplier of all wants? The beast performs his duty, and (made for thy service) serves thee; and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtains it. The fowls of the air (being pinched with hunger) carol forth their sweet *Hosannas* and are filled, and then return musical *Hallelujahs*. Canst thou, my soul, expect supplies like them, and use less means than they? Come, thou art worth many sparrows (were not five sold for a farthing?) The bloud of Jesus is thy price, and for his sake all things are thine. Shall beasts for their own sakes be supplied, and shalt thou in the Name of Jesus be denied? Can a Mother pity the trickling tears of an unfed Infant, and can the God of mercies be obdured to thee? Art thou commanded to ask, seek, and knock, in vain? I, but my tongue is slow. Was not Moses the man of God so? When I seek, my lust diverts me, and I am lost. Is not the great Shepherd come to reduce his lost sheep? But, alas! I knock at the wrong door. Fear not when thou knock'st with a right heart. He that is every where will be found; He that made the ear will hear thee.

## His Prayer.

O God that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knowest what to give than I to ask, and withholdest no good thing from him that seeks thee with an upright heart, I a poor suiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truly sensible of mine own defects, and timorously conscious of my evil deserts, do here even cast my self on thy gracious providence. And since, O Lord, thou hast commanded me to ask of thee the things I want, bow down thine ear, and hear the Prayers which a poor sinner, emboldned by thy promise presents before thee, by whose free favour I have received whatsoever I have obtained, and by my own folly lost whatsoever I had received. Give me a clear sight of my own poverty; shew me the poverty of mine own relief; that so I may forsake the broken reed of my own power, and strengthen my weakness in the comfort of thy promise. Lord, thou hast commanded me to ask, but my sins cry louder than my suits: Thou hast commanded me to seek, but mine own guilt leads me the wrong way; Thou hast commanded me to knock, but Satan holds my hands. Lord, let the blood of my blessed Saviour stop the mouth of my crying sins; let his full satisfaction take away my guilt. Bind him in chains that captivates my power. Teach me to ask that hast commanded me to

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ask ; Thou that hast commanded me to seek, direct me ; and let my knocking be guided by thy hand. Give me knowledge, that I may ask what I should ; grant me prudence, that I may seek where I should ; give me providence, that I may knock when I should. Let not my faintness in asking teach thee to deny : Let not my foolishnes in seeking tempt me to desist : Let not my unseasonableness in knocking strike me with despair. Give me a fervent Faith, that I may ask with confidence ; a constant hope, that I may seek with courage ; an unwearied patience, that I may knock with constancy. Let me ask like the importunate woman, till I obtain thee : Let me seek like thy blessed Mother, till I find thee : Let me knock like the sinful Publican, till thou open to me : that having found thee here by grace, in the company of Saints, I may live with thee in glory, with the Society of Angels.

S. Aug.

*An evil Conscience cannot hope.*

Idem.

*No praises heal an ill Conscience, nor does any railing wound a good one.*

Anonym.

*How can they want who have him that hath all things?*

*The Faithful man's Fear.*

O this and live. Some comfort yet remains: though life be not absolutely granted, yet death is but conditionally threatned. Do this and live. But what is the work that may deserve such wages? Give perfect obedience to thy God, and perfect love to thy Neighbour. But will not the utmost of my power do? Will not the best of my endeavour serve? No, he that is perfect made thee perfect, and requires a perfection. Alas! if life depends upon such terms, what flesh can live? Thy inability for the work prophesies the impossibility of the reward. My soul, thou art become a legal debtor, and the utmost farthing is expected. Thou canst neither pay thy debt, nor hide thee from thy Creditor. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou plead *immunity*? Thy own band will condemn thee. Wilt thou plead *payment*? Thy own poverty will implead thee. Wilt thou plead *mercy*? Thy own *rebellion* will dismay thee. My soul, what security wilt thou put in? or to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou fly? O flatter not thy self, and put not the evil day from thee. Thou hast not only not done what thou shouldest, but thou hast done what thou shouldest not. Thou hast sinned against thy *Creation*, by disobeying thy Creator: Thou hast sinned against thy *Redemption*, by crucifying thy Redeemer: Thou hast

sinned against thy *Sanctification*, by quenching of the Spirit. Thou hast sinned against Gods *judgments*, by thy presumption : Thou hast sinned against his *mercies*, by thy despair : Thou hast sinned against thy *conscience*, by thy rebellion : Thou hast sinned against *Providence*, by thy distrust. Every day brings in an *Inventory* of thy *sins*, and every sin brings in a *Faggot* to thy *execution*. O my soul, behold the *misery* of thy estate, and tremble : Behold the *Mercies* of thy God, and wonder. Tremble, for he is a God to punish thine *iniquities* : Wonder, for he is become a Man to bear thy *iniquities*. Tremble, for thou art, not able to do his *Commands* : Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canst do. Will not the frailty of thy flesh permit thee to do ? let the faithfulness of thy heart encline thee to desire. Do what thou canst, and Believe what thou canst not.

*His Crown.*

Cheer up, my sad soul, for he that hath considered the frailty of thy hands, hath freely accepted the faithfulness of thy heart ; who saith,

Rev. 2. 10.

*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life.*

— And when you have done all these things,  
— Then say, I have done it.  
— Then say, I have done it.  
— Then say, I have done it.

His

His Proofs.

Mat. 25. 21.

Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things: Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

So then, they that be of faith, are blessed with faithful Abraham. Gal. 3. 9.

2 Tim. 4. 8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.

1 Tim. 1. 12.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried he shall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

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Bernard.

O only safe fight, which for and with Christ is undertaken! in which the Christian Soldier neither wounded, nor overthrown, nor trodden under foot, nor nor slain, can lose the victory, if he manfully stand to it, and do not betake himself to a shameful flight.

Aug. in Senten.

Whosoever rageth against the Name of Christ is tolerable if it may be overcome; and if it cannot, it basteneth the receiving of our glorious reward: for the faithful man in the end of his temporal evils passeth into the fruition of his eternal good.

## His Soliloquy.

**S**tand not, O my soul, upon the legs of a sinner, but flee into the arms of thy Saviour; and what thou canst not purchase by thy endeavour, endeavour to believe. Acknowledge thou thy debt, and thy Jesus will justify thy payment. Trust not in thy self, lest thou be deceived by thy self. Dost thou, O my soul, desire faith? Renounce thy self: Wouldest thou preserve thy faith? Condemn thy self. Thy way to faith is from thy self. Is thy soul dark? Faith enlightens it: Is the gate of Heaven shut? Faith unlocks it: Is the way dangerous? Faith secures it: Is thy heart timorous? Faith emboldens it: Is death terrible? Faith conquers it: Is the Crown of life difficult? Faith obtains it. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life. Fear not thy weakness, O my soul; It shall not be to thee according to thy works, but faith. If thy good works cannot save thee before faith, thine evil works cannot damn thee after Repentance. As he that crowns thy good works, crowns his own gifts; so he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own mercy. Cast Anchor here, my soul, and if the waves of thy corruptions overwhelm thee, pump them out by true Repentance.

## His Prayer.

Most glorious God, in respect of whom the very Angels are impure, before whom the Cherubims do veil their blushing faces; I the wretched off-spring of presumptuous flesh and bloud fall down before the footstool of thy gracious presence, and humbly present thee with my sinful prayers. If thou shouldest weigh my actions with thy righteous balance, or try me with the touch-stone of thy sacred Laws, the vials of thy wrath would pour upon me, and thy justice would be magnified in my confusion. But, Lord, thou delightest not in the death of a sinner, nor takest pleasure in the destruction of thy creature. Lord, thy Commandments are most just, and my performance is most imperfect: the best of all my words deserve not the least of all thy mercies; and the purest of all my actions, nay my very prayers, are sin. I have sinned against my Creation, and yet, Lord, thou hast redeemed me: I have sinned against my Redemption, and yet, O God, thou hast in some measure sanctified me: I have sinned against my Sanctification, and yet, O God, thou hast not forsaken me: I have sinned against the continuance of thy Mercies, yet hast thou not confounded me. The whole practice of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evil and that continually: wherefore I wholly renounce my self, O God, and

utterly disclaim the works of mine own hands. In thy goodness, O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I seek for refuge. Grant me the power to do what thou commandest, and then command me what thou pleasest. Crucifie the flesh within me, and deliver my soul from the spirit of bondage. Free me, O Lord, from the oldness of the letter, that I may serve thee hereafter in the newness of the spirit. Let the Rebellions of old *Adam* be lost in thy remembrance, and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy sight. Purge from my heart the dregs of unbelief, and kindle in my soul the fire of devotion. Quicken my soul with a lively faith. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief: that so being faithful to the death, according to thy command, I may receive the Crown of life, according to thy promise,

## Sen.

*The greatest safety is to fear nothing but God. Nothing should startle a wise courage, but the close remembrance of an evil life.*

2 Tim. i. 12,

*I know whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.*

## The Fearful man's Conflict.



OW potent are the infirmities of flesh and bloud ! How weak is Natures strength ! How strong her weakness ! How is my easie faith abused by my deceitful sense ! How is my Understanding blinded with deluding Error ! How is my Will perverted with apparent good ! If real good present it self, how purblind is mine eye to view it ! if viewed, how dull is my understanding to apprehend it ! if apprehended, how heartless is my judgment to allow it ! if allowed, how unwilling is my will to chuse it ! if chosen, how fickle are my resolutions to retain it ! No sooner are my resolutions fixed upon a course of Grace, but nature checks at my Resolves ; no sooner check'd, but straight my Will repents her choice, my Judgment recalls her sentence, my Understanding mistrusts her light : and then my Sense calls Flesh and Bloud to counsel, which wants no arguments to break me off. The difficulty of the journey daunts me ; the straitness of the Gate dismays me ; the doubt of the Reward diverts me : the loss of worldly pleasure here deters me ; the loss of earthly honour there dissuades me : here the strictness of Religion damps me, there the worlds contempt disheartens me ; here the fear of my present discourages me. Thus is my yielding sense assaulted with my conquering doubts.

Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *fears*: whence if haply ransom'd by some good *motion*, the Devil presents me with a bead-roll of my *Offences*, the Flesh suggests the necessity of my sin, the World objects the foulness of my shame; where, if I plead the mercy and goodness of my God, the abuse of his mercy weakens my trust, the slighting of his goodness hardens my heart against my hopes. With what an *host* of enemies art thou besieged, my soul! How, how art thou beleaguered with continual fears! How doth the guilt of thy *unworthiness* cry down the hopes of all compassion! Thy confidence of mercy is conquered by the consciousness of thy own demerits; and thou art taken prisoner, and bound in the horrid chains of sad despair.

### *His Prize.*

But cheer up, my soul, and turn thy fears to wonder and thanksgiving; trust in him that faith,

Luke 12. 32.

*Fear not, little flock, for it is your fathers good pleasure to give you a Kingdom.*

His Proofs.

Col. 1. 13.

**H**E hath delivered us from the power of darkness,  
and translated us into the Kingdom of his  
dear Son.

Acts 24. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that we  
must through many tribulations enter into the  
Kingdom of God.

Jam. 2. 5.

Has not God chosen the poor of this world, that they  
should be rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom  
which he promised to them that love him?

Luke 22. 29.

I appoint you a Kingdom, as my Father appointed me.

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S. Aug.

Though we labour in a boisterous Sea, yet thou,  
Lord, art our Pilot, and steerest our course be-  
tween Scylla and Charybdis; so that, both  
dangers escaped, we shall at length arrive at our  
Port secure.

Macar.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified  
with those that are crucified; that we may be  
glorified with those that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miserable is his felicity who was never thought war-  
thy to wrestle with miseries, by which contention  
honour is obtained.

His

*His Soliloquy.*

Hast thou crucified the Lord of Glory, O my soul, and hast thou so much boldness to expect his Kingdom? Consult with Reason, and review thy Merits; which done, behold that Jesus whom thou crucifiedst even making Intercession for thee, and offering thee a crown of Glory. Behold the greatness of thy Creator veild with the goodness of thy Redeemer; the justice of a first Person qualified by the mercy of a second; the purity of the Divine nature uniting it self with the Humane in one Emanuel; a perfect Man to suffer, a perfect God to pardon; and both God and Man in one person, at the same instant able and willing to give and take a perfect satisfaction for thee. O my soul; a wonder above wonders! an incomprehensibility above all admiration! a depth past finding out! Under this shadow, O my soul, refresh thy self. If thy sins fear the hand of justice, behold thy sanctuary; if thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy Advocate; if thy creditor threaten a prison, behold thy bail. Behold the Lamb of God that hath taken thy sins from thee: Behold the Blessed of Heaven and Earth that hath prepared a Kingdom for thee. Be ravish'd, O my soul: O bless the name of Elohim; O bless the name of our Emanuel, with praises and eternal Hallelujahs.

*His Prayer.*

Great Shepherd of my soul, whose life was not too dear to rescue me the meanest of thy little flock, cast down thy gracious eye upon the weakness of my nature, and behold it in the strength of thy compassion. Open mine eyes, that I may see that object which flesh cannot behold : Enlighten my understanding, that I may clearly discern that truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend : Rectifie my judgment, that I may confidently resolve those doubts which my understanding cannot determine : Sanctifie my will, that I may wisely chuse that good which my deceived heart cannot desire : Fortifie my resolution, that I may constantly embrace that choice which my inconstancy cannot hold : Weaken the strength of my corrupted nature, that I may struggle with my lusts, and strive against the base rebellions of my flesh : Strengthen the weakness of my dejected spirit, that I may conquer myself, and still withstand the assaults of mine own corruption : Moderate my delight in the things of this World, and keep my desires within the limits of thy will. Let the point of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes rest in the assurance of thy favour. Let not the fear of worldly loss dismay me, nor let the loss of the worlds favour daunt me. Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly grief, and let the love of thee expel all carnal fear. Let the multitudes.

multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions ; and let the reproachfulness of that death which thy Son suffered for my sake, enable me to suffer all reproach for his sake. Let not my sin against thy mercies remove thy mercies from my sin ; and let the necessity of my offences be swallowed up in the all-sufficiency of his merits. Let not the foulness of my transgressions lead me to distrust ; nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despair. Fix in my heart a filial love, that I may love thee as a Father ; and remove all servile fear from me, that thou mayest behold me as a son. Be thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to displease thee ; that being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promise, die in the fulness of thy favour, and rise to the inheritance of an everlasting Kingdom.

Cassian.

*Humane fear breedeth distrust ; but the divine does great advantages to our hope.*

S. Greg.

*No kind of death is to be feared by him that has lived well.*

*The Plague-affrighted man's Danger.*

**H**OW is the language of death heard in every street, which by continual *Passing-bells* proclaims mortality in every ear ! How many at this instant lie groaning in their sick-beds, and marked for death, whilst others that lived yesterday are now laid out for evening burial ! How many that are now strong and healthful, and laying up for many years, are destined for the enlargement of the next weeks Bill ! How many are now preparing to secure their lives by flight, who whilst they run from the *tyranny* of their fears, fly into the very bosom of danger ! What *sir* ? what *dies* ? what *antidote* can promise safety ? What *shield* can guard the angry Angels blow ? What *rhetorick* can perswade the heaven-commanded Messenger to slack the fury of his resolute arm ? It is an *arrow* that flies by day ; yet who can see it ? It is a *terror* that strikes by night ; and who can escape it ? It is the *pestilence* that walketh in darkness ; and who can shun it ? The strength of *youth* is no privilege against it ; the soundness of a *constitution* is no exemption from it ; the sovereignty of *drugs* cannot resist it ; Where it lists, it wounds ; and whom it wounds, it kills. It is Gods Artillery, and like himself respects no persons. The rich mans *coffers* cannot bribe it : the skilful *artist* cannot prescribe

scribe against it : the black Magician cannot charm it. My soul, into what a calamity art thou plung'd? with what an *enemy* art thou beleaguered? What opposition canst thou make? what *Auxiliaries* canst thou call in? How many sad *copies* of thy destruction are daily set before thee? How continually is thy death acted by others to thee? What comfort hast thou in that life which every minute threatens? What pleasure takest thou in that breath which draws and whiffs perpetual fears? What art thou other but a man condemned, expecting execution? And how is the bitterness of thy death multiplied by the quality of thy fears? Were it a sickness whose distraction took not away the means of preparation, it were an easie calamity; were it a sickness whose contagion dissolved not the comfortable bands of sweet society, it were but half a misery. But as it is sudden, solitary, incurable, what so terrible? what so comfortless?

### *His Deliverance.*

Sink not beneath thy fears, my soul: Thy deliverance is God's *royalty*, and under his wings is thy salvation; in the midst of danger no danger shall befall thee.

Psal. 91. 10.

*Neither shall the Plague come nigh thy dwelling.*

*His*

## Her Proofs.

Psal. 91. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

**W**ho so dwelleth in the secret of the most High,  
 shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty.  
 Surely he will deliver thee from the snare of the  
 hunter, and from the noisome Pestilence. He  
 will cover thee under his wings, and thou shalt  
 be sure under his feathers : his truth shall be thy  
 shield and thy buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid  
 of the Arrow that flieth by day, Nor of the  
 Plague that destroyeth at noon-day. A thou-  
 sand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at  
 thy right hand ; but it shall not come near thee.

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## Gisten. in cap. 2. Cant. Expos.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death  
 but to life, that God may be glorified by it ! O  
 happy Fever, that proceedeth not from a con-  
 suming, but a calcining fire ! O happy distemper,  
 wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but  
 only savourceth divine nourishment !

## Greg. in Pastoral.

O wisdom, with how sweet an Art doth thy Wine  
 and Oil restore health to my beauteous soul ! How  
 powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art  
 thou ! powerful for me, merciful to me.

*His Soliloquy.*

AND can the *noise* of death, O my soul, so  
fright thee in the street, and the *cause* of  
death not move thee in thy bosom? Shall  
*passing-bells* tolling for dying men afflict thee,  
and not the *Judgments* of the living God af-  
fright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a silly  
Parish-clerk more move thee than the sacred  
*Oracles* of a holy Minister? Shall the *Plague*  
inflicted upon others more startle thee than  
many plagues denounced upon thy self? Be  
wise, my soul; avoid the *Curse*, and thou shalt  
prevent the effect; be afraid of *sin*; and thou  
needest not fear the punishment. Fearest thou  
the infection? Flie from it: but whither? Un-  
der the wings of the Almighty. But thy sins de-  
ny protection there; then nail them to thy Sa-  
viour's *Cross*. Fearest thou yet? O my soul,  
hast thou so long, hast thou long subsisted under  
thine own protection, and darest thou not ven-  
ture under his? Can there be a *Sanctuary* more  
secure? a protection more safe? Fearest thou  
death under the wings of life; or danger un-  
der the *shadow* of the Almighty? But the sud-  
denness of that death denies preparation. His  
wings continually prepare thee. It banishes  
all my friends, and in them my comfort. When  
thou hast God to thy friend, what comfort  
canst thou want that may be found by Prayer?

*His Prayer.*

Lord, in whose hands are the keys of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciously incline thy tender ear, and mercifully hear the supplications of thy servant, who hath no hope but in thy goodness, and no comfort but in thy promises. My hainous sins, O God, have provoked thy heavy indigation, and I am humbly sensible of thy fore displeasure. Thy judgments are come abroad amongst us, and the vials of thy consuming wrath are poured out upon us. The sins of our Nation have cried to thee for vengeance and thou hast visited us with great mortality. Thy people are poured out like water, and our land is become a land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned; and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverancœ. Accept the sorrow and contrition of thy servants; and say unto thy Angel, It is enough. Be thou my refuge, and my fortress, O God; and give me confidence to repose under the shadow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings; and let thy truth be my buckler and my shield. Defend me from the Pestilence that walketh in darkness: Deliver me from destruction that wasteth at noon-day. Give thy Angels charge over me, to protect and guide me in all my ways. Prepare me, O Lord, against the hour of death, and strengthen my soul in the assurance of thy Mercy. Humble my heart

heart with the true sense of my transgressions, and work in my soul an unfeigned Repentance. Enlarge mine eyes that I may weep day and night, for grieving and offending so gracious a Father. Wean me from the trust of all transitory things, and let the worlds vanity daily dye in me. Take from me the immoderate fear of death; and train me, O God, for the day of my dissolution. Instruct and rectifie my vain desires, that all my wishes may stand with thy will. In life be thou my Governour, in death be thou my comfort; that living or dying I may be thine. Teach me by thy judgments to hate sin, and let thy mercies breed in me a filial love. Be gracious to those whom thou hast marked for death, and seal in their hearts the assurance of thy favour; that being members of one body, we may rejoice in one head; that having numbered our days in wisdom, we may be numbered with thy Saints in glory everlasting.

S. Aug.

*That must not be thought an evil death which follows a holy life. For nothing makes an evil death, but that which comes after death.*

I Cor. 15. 55.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

*The Persecuted man's Misery.*

**A**RE these the *gains* of Godliness? Are these the *wages* of a holy life? Hath the ungrateful world no other thanks for him that honours his *Creator*, but *scorn*, *contempt* and *persecution*? Whilst I prized the World, I wanted nothing that the World calls *good*: neglected honour followed me; unsought for pleasure coursed me; unpurchased fortunes fell upon me: I could not wish that happiness I had not; I could not want the happiness earth had. Nothing was too *dear*; nothing was too *precious*. Thus whilst I prized the World, the World prized me. If I were sad, her mirthful smiles would cheer me; if sick, her mournful sons would visit me; if weary, her wanton lap would dandle me, where rocked into a *slumber*, I dreamed all this was but a *dream*, and waking found it so. Not willing to be fed with *shadows*, I changed my thoughts, and my affections altered; and finding Earth too *brais* for my desires, I cast mine eye to Heaven, and after many conflicts betwixt my *members* and my *mind*, even there I fixed. The jealous Earth grew angry, frowned and called me fool, withdrew her *honours*, withheld her *pleasures*, recalled her *favours*; and now I live despised, contemned and poor. O sad condition of mankind! How plausible are his ways to death! and how unpleasant are

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are his paths to life ! No sooner had I made a *Covenant with God*, but the world made a *Covenant against me*, scandal'd my *name*, slandered my *actions*, derided my *simplicity*, despised my *integrity*. For my *Professions* sake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the World have fallen upon me. If I chastned my soul with *fasting*, it styl'd me with the name of *Hypocrite*; if I reprove the *vanity* of the times, it derides me with the style of *Puritan*. I am become a *stranger* to my brethren, and an *alien* to my mothers son. I go mourning all the day long, and my bosom-friends are estranged from me. They afflict my body with open *punishment*, and make a pastime of my affliction. They that sit in the *Gate* speak evil of me, and Drunkards make their *Songs* against me.

### *His Reward.*

But be thou not dismayed, my soul, nor let the arm of flesh discourage thee. Thy *Persecutions* here are nothing but the prophecies of a *Paradise* hereafter. He that is born of the flesh, inherits the *Pleasures* of the World; but thou that art born of the Spirit, hear what the Spirit saith,

Mat. 5. 10.

*Blessed are they that are persecuted for my names sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.*

*His*

His Proofs.

Luke 6. 22.

Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and separate themselves from you, and shall revile you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake.

1 Pet. 3. 14.

If ye suffer for Righteousness' sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be ye troubled.

Mat. 10. 22.

Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake: but he that shall endure to the end shall be saved.

Mat. 19. 29.

Every one that forsaketh lands, or brother, or sister, or father, or mother, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit eternal life.

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Chrysost.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be increased; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, so much and more will be add to our retribution.

Greg. Nyss. de Prov.

Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of masteries, wherein the greatest Garlands are allotted to them who sustain the greatest labours: for by the smart of our stripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

*His Soliloquy.*

**H**E that shall weigh the *gain* of Godliness by the *Scales* of the World, or the *pleasures* of the Earth by the *Balances* of the *Sanctuary*, shall upon a review find a bad *Market*. Think'st thou, my soul, to be made happy by the *smiles* of earth, or unhappy by her *frowns*? When she *fawns* upon thee, she *deludes* thee; when she *kisses* thee, she *betrays* thee. She brings thee *Butter* in a *Lordly dish*, and bears a *hammer* in her deadly hand. Trust not her *flattery*, O my soul; nor let her *malice* move thee. Her *musick* is thy *Magick*; her *sweetness* is thy *snare*, She is the *high way* to eternal death. If thou love her, thou hast begun thy journey; if thou honour her, thou mendest thy pace; if thou obey her, thou art at thy journeys end. When she *distastes* thee, *Christ* relishes in thee; when she *afflicts* thee, God *instructs* thee; when she locks her *Gates* against thee, heaven opens for thee; when she *disdains* thee, God *honours* thee; when she *forsakes* thee, he *owns* thee; when she *persecutes* thee, he *crowns* thee. Why art thou then disquieted, my soul, and why is thy spirit troubled within thee? Trust thou in him by *Faith*: If thou want comfort, fly to him by *Prayer*.

*His Prayer.*

Thou therefore, O most blessed and glorious Spirit, in whose eyes the Saints are precious, who puttest all their tears into thy Bottle, and in the midst of all their sorrows sendest comfort to thy Elect, behold my sufferings, and regard my sorrows. Let not thine enemies triumph and make a scorn of him that fears thee. Strengthen me, O God, to maintain thy Cause, lest they that persecute me think there is no God. Thou knowest my reproach and shame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Arise, O God, and plead thy Cause, and let them know that thou art God. Make me to hear the voice of joy and gladness, that the bones which they have broken may rejoice. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciously deliver me for the glory of thy Name. Remove this bitter Cup of affliction from me: But not my will, but thine be done. Give me patience to endure till thou art pleased to release me, and courage to bear what thy wisdom shall permit. Let not the vanities of the World deceive me, nor the corruptions of my flesh disturb me: Let not the suggestions of Satan deter me, nor the threatenings of man divert me. Preserve my footsteps in the ways of thy truth, and keep me truly constant to the end. In all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be sufficient for me. Season my heart with the sense

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of thy love; and strengthen my Faith in all my Trials. Give me an inward thankfulness, O God, that thou hast made me worthy to suffer for thy name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee. Be merciful to them that hate me, and do good to those that persecute me: Open their eyes, that they may see thy Truth; and turn their hearts, that they may fear thy Name. In all my tribulations be not thou far from me, and sanctifie my great afflictions to me. Lord in the multitude of thy mercies hear me, and in the truth of thy salvation help me; that I confessing thee here before the children of men with an undaunted resolution, may be enrolled in the Kingdom of Grace by thy goodness, and hereafter reign in the Kingdom of Glory in Eternity.

S. Chrysost.

To suffer patiently is a greater gift than to raise the dead.

Cassian.

They make free-will-offerings to God, that in the midst of their sufferings give thanks,

Plal. 119. 73.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn by Sufferings,

and by this affliction, and much more to affliction, I am indeed very faintly — am now beginning to understand it in some degree, — it has only been, and will be, —

## The Sinner's Account.

Now I can flatter my own *degeneration*, and with the common stream of frail mortality run into the dead *Sea* of everlasting death! How soundly I can sleep in the wanton lap of treacherous Security, until I wake charm'd of all my strength, and turn a prey to that false *Philistipe* that seeks my soul! When I call to mind the course that I have run, and set to view the steps that I have trod, how easily can I excuse my failings, and set them on the score of miserable *Adam*! But when I seriously consider whose *Law* I have offended, and strictly examine my actions by that *Law*, and justly proportion my punishment to those actions, O then I stand and tremble, and am swallowed up with despair. O then my sins appear too great for pardon, and my punishment too great for patience. Which way soever I turn, I turn to my disquiet: Look where I will, I view my own discomfort. Look up, I see a dreadful God; Look down, I see a direful Devil: Look forward, I see a Roll of sins; Look backward, I see a roaring Conscience; Look on my right hand, I see my bold Presumption; Look on my left hand, I see my base Despair: Look within me, I see my own Corruption; Look about me, I see nothing but Confusion. I have sinned upon ignorance, ignorance will not excuse me: I have sinned

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upon ~~weakness~~, weakness will not plead for me : I have sinned against my conscience, my conscience will accuse me : I have sinned against the Law, the Law condemns me. What canst thou say, my soul, that Sentence of death should not be given against thee ? Can the voice of thy sorrow out-cry the language of thy sin ? Can the tears of thine eye scour the stains of thy soul ? Can the sighs of a finite Creature satisfie for the offences against an infinite Creator ? Or art thou able to endure the punishments of Eternity ? He that made thee without thee will not save thee without thee ; and what canst thou do towards thy own Salvation ?

### His Quietus est.

Prostrate thy self, my soul : Behold thy misery, and bewail thy self ; renounce thy self, abhor thy self, flie to the Horns of the Altar, and call for the Promise of mercy, in which thou mayst find comfort.

Ezek. 18. 21.

If the wicked shall turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my Statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

His Proofs.

Acts 3. 19.

**R**epent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

2 Pet. 3. 9. The Lord is long-suffering towards us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Ezek. 33. 11.

As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

S. Aug.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest justly damn me, yet thou canst not lose that whereby thou mayest save me. Thou wilt not, sweet Jesus, so much remember thy justice against the sinner, as thy benignity towards thy creature. Thou canst forget the insolence of the provoker, and wilt in mercy behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

Anselm.

My sins plead against me, but my Saviour is my Advocate. It is much that my rebellions have deserved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: so that though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance, yet the flesh of Christ can move thee to mercy.

## His Soliloquy.

**A**N humble Confidence is the Mean betwixt the two Extreams, Presumption and Despair: That usurps Gods mercy upon false grounds; this excludes it, and all means to it: The first takes away the sense of sin; the last blocks up the way to pardon. Take heed, O my dejected soul; plunge not thy self in that sad gulph; lest (wanting bottom) thou sink for ever; swim not with bladders, lest thou tire. Having fastned one eye upon the ugliness of thy sin, fix the other upon the merits of a Saviour: So when thou discoverest the disease, thy disease will discover a remedy. When the fiery Serpent hath stung thee, the brazen Serpent must heal thee. Nothing, O my soul, makes thy sin too great for mercy, but despair: this only excludes Repentance, and impenitence alone makes thee uncapable of Pardon. He that hath promised Forgiveness at thy Repentance, hath not promised Repentance at thy pleasure. Haste therefore, O my soul, and reconcile thee to thy God to day, lest it should prove too late to morrow. Turn thy hand from thy present sin, and God will turn his eyes from thy past sin. Cry aloud and spare not, lest thy sin cry aloud, and he spare not. Let thy Confession find a tongue, and his Compassion will find an ear.

## His Prayer.

O God, that art in thy self most glorious, but in thy Son most gracious; to the rebellious terrible, but to the penitent merciful; I the work of thine own hands, but wholly disengaged by mine own corruptions, humbly prostrate my sinful self before the footstool of thy Mercy-seat, totally miserable through my sins, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, if thou shouldest proceed against me in thy justice, my portion would be no less than eternal death. But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the conversion of a soul, than exercite thy justice in the confusion of a sinner. Bow down therefore thy gracious ear to a poor wretch that stands trembling before the bar of thy Justice, and from thence presumes to appeal to the seat of thy Mercy. I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater than my knowledge, but yet thy mercy is greater than mine iniquities: I know moreover that thou art more just, but in shewing thy mercy thy justice will be no loser. Lord, I am miserable, therefore a fit object for thy mercy; Lord, I am penitent, and therefore a proper subject for thy pity: for I know thou art a gracious God, of long-sufferance, and slow to anger, else had I now been roaring under thy Justice, that am here suing for thy Mercy. Lord, I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me; the number of them is innumerable, and

the burthen of them is intolerable. I have sinned against a just God, I have sinned against a gracious Father; I therefore fly from thee as a sharp Revenger, and to thee as a sweet Redeemer. Remember not thy justice towards a Sinner, but think upon thy benignity towards thy Creature. Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against me. Wash my guiltiness in his blood, and in the multitude of thy compassions behold the multitude of my transgressions. Pardon what is past, and arm me for the time to come; that being purged from my sins, and cleansed from my offences, I may be clothed here with the robes of grace, and crowned hereafter with a crown of glory.

## Incert.

*He that bath good thoughts, from him will flow good words and good actions.*

## Ambros.

*Thinkest thou that God, who gave thee Grace to repent thee of thy Sins, will not pardon them after thy Repentance?*

## The Sinner's Thirst.



O, I that like the *Prodigal* had once the freedom of my Fathers *Table*, could now be satisfied with the *crums* beneath it : I that could clothe me with change of Garments from my Fathers *Wardrobe*, could now be thankful but for *rags* to hide my nakedness : I that forsook him like a disobedient son, would hold it now a happiness to be his meanest servant. What shall I do ? or whither shall I go ? By whose charity shall I subsist ? My *weakness* will not give me leave to work ; my *unworthiness* will not suffer me to appear ; nor have I a friend to help me. I that have renounced my *Father*, have made my self no son ; and being no son, how dare my boldnes call him *Father* ? I have offended him, and who shall reconcile us ? I have grieved him, and who shall make my peace ? I have forsaken him, and who shall restore me to him ? Can I expect a *Blessing* from him I have offended ? Can I presume of *favour* from him I have so grieved ? Can I deserve a Birth-right from him I have forsaken ? O my soul, how, how hast thou beslaved thy self, and lost that freedom without the enjoyment whereof thou art utterly lost ? Thou hast lost that Father that was wont to *bles* thee : Thou hast lost that Lord that was pleased to

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govern thee? Thou hast renounced that Saviour that redeemed thee; and only hast reserved a God to punish thee, a Judge to sentence thee: Thou hast lost those blessings by thy contempt whitch thou canst not regain with the price of thy tears: Thou hast quench'd that Spirit whereby thou hadst the power to quench the fiery darts of Satan: Thou hast diverted the current of that Fountain whose water satisfied thy full desires. O my sad soul, how! how wert thou distempered, that couldst not relish that which nourished Angels into immortality! Why didst thou not inebriate thy self with that delicious sweetness, and ark it up like Israel's Manna, to remain with thee and the succeeding generations? O that mine eyes could teach those blessed streams to run, which my ungratefulness hath stopt! O that my prayers could like Elijah's, unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down those celestial showers to slake my thirst, that I may drink my fill of that immortal water!

### His Satisfying.

Take comfort, O my soul; thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crowned them with this promise.

Revel. 21. 6.

I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely.

His

His Proofs.

Mat. 5. 6.

**B**lessed are they that hunger and thirst for Righteousness sake ; for they shall be filled.

John 4. 14.

But whosoever drinketh of this water that I shall give him, shall never be more athirst ; but the water which I shall give him shall be in him a water springing up into eternal life.

John 7. 37, 38.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth in me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.

Rev. 22. 17.

Let him that is athirst, come : and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

August. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassable, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy ? Lord, I thirst ; thou art the spring of life, satiate me : I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee the living God.

Cyril. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noisome thirst of this world, that scourgeth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with Heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God !

His

## His Soliloquy.

IT is less danger to want than to be *un sensible* of thy wants. Dost thou want, my soul? desire: Dost thou desire? ask: Dost thou ask? thou shalt receive, and what thou shalt receive shall satisfie thee. Be not troubled: if thy wants cast thee down, let thy desires raise thee up. Shall thy natural wants be confident of supply from thy natural father, and shall thy spiritual defects despair to be repaired by thy spiritual Father? How dost thou injure *Providence*, O my distrustful soul! How dost thou wrong the God of mercy! how slight the God of truth! He that hears the cry of *Ravens*, and feeds them with a gracious hand, will he be deaf to thee? He that robes the *Lilies* of the field, that neither sue nor care to be apparelled, will he deny thee those graces he hath commanded thee to ask? Art thou hungry? he is the Bread of Life: Art thou thirsty? he is the Water of Life: Art thou naked? fly to him, and he will give thee the righteousness of his own Son. Build upon his Promise, who is Truth it self: Rely upon his Mercy, who is Goodness it self. Art thou a *Prodigal*? yet remember thou art a *Son*: Is he offended? He will not forget he is a *Father*. Come therefore with a filial boldness, and he will grant thy hearts desire.

*His Prayer.*

O God that art the well-spring of all Grace, and the fountain of all Goodness, whose promises are faithful, and whose word is truth, who hearest the sighing of a contrite heart, and healest the ruptures of an humble spirit; I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, prostrate my self before thee, and present unto thee the sad petitions of a pensive breast. I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned against Heaven and against thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Son. I have cast off the yoke of my obedience; I have broken the bands of thy Covenant, and cast them far from me. I have sinned against thy mercies, and spurn'd against thy judgments: Thy judgments have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me. But I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth, O God, nor the follies of my elder days. Remember not how I have forgotten thee; Remember not how I have forsaken thee. Close thou thine eyes at my rebellion, and open thine ears at my repentance. Be merciful, O God, at my contiition: A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies; and restore me to the joy of thy salvation. Establish my heart in the love of thy truth, and increase in me a Spiritual Thirst. Make me to understand

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stand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Testimonies be my whole delight. As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, so my soul longeth for the Well-springs of Life. Lord, thou hast promised to answer those that call unto thee, to be found by those that seek unto thee, and satisfie those that thirst after thee : make good thy word, O God, and hear my Prayer ; make good thy promise, Lord, and be not far from me. I have sought thee in thy promise, let me find thee in thy performance ; I have thirsted for thy grace, O fill me with thy goodness. Open thy Well-springs, that I may drink freely of the waters of life ; that my soul being satisfied in the fulness of thy pleasures, my mouth may be filled with the sound of thy praises ; that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdom of Grace, I may reign with thee hereafter in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Ambros.

*None can take Christ from thee, unless thou take him from thyself.*

Isa. 55. 1.

*No, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters : and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat : ye come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.*

## The Good man's Distrust.

**A**hen I consider the All-sufficiency of my God, I dare not question the performance of his promises; but when I behold the insufficiency of my self, I cannot but fear the promises of his performance. When I behold in him the goodness of a Father, my heart grows confident, and I cannot fear; but when I find in me the disobedience of a Son, my soul grows conscious, and I dare not hope. When I dive into the depth of my own Misery, I search further, and find a greater depth of his Mercy, and am secure; but when I find the freeness of his mercy requited with the wilfulness of my rebellion, O then my soul despairs, and thus destroys the grounds of all my comfort. He invites my laden soul to come, and offers rest: Alas! I come, and yet my laden soul can find no ease. He promises eternal life to my belief; but yet he gives me not the power to believe. He bids me in his name propound my wants, with promise of supply; and yet I sue, and sue, and still I sue in vain. He promises a Comforter to strengthen my remembrance; yet still my treacherous memory fails me. He promises to be a father to the fatherless; yet still my wants persuade me that I want a father. He promises audience in my time of trouble; and yet I call unheard, and mourn without redress. He promises forgiveness

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ness to the true repentant ; but who shall give me power to repent ? He promises to gather me in mercy, though a while forsaken ; yet I have long expected, with a frustrate expectation. He promises an exaltation to him that is humbled ; yet my dejected heart is still supprest. He promised freedom from the second death to him that conquers ; I strive to overcome, yet feel a hell. His promise was to guard his Vineyard, and to dress it ; yet Foxes destroy it, and the wild Boar supplants it. He promised comfort to all those that mourn ; and yet I mourn without a comforter. He promised that the womans seed should break the Serpents head ; and yet the Serpent never was more strong. He bid me seek, and I should find ; and yet alas ! I seek, but can find nothing but my wants. He calls them blessed that suffer for his Name ; yet who more miserable ? He promises the springs of life to him that thirsts ; and yet I thirst to death. My soul, what are his promises to thee, that art not able to perform those hard conditions that give thee interest in those promises ?

### *His Satisfaction.*

Chear up, my soul, and what thou canst not do, endeavour. He that accepts the will for the deed, is in his promise. Yea and Amen.

Mark 13.31.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one tittle of my word.

His

His Proofs.

1 Kings 8. 56.

Blessed be the Lord that hath given rest unto his people, according unto all that he hath promised. There hath not failed one word of all his good promises which he hath promised.

2 Cor. 1. 20.

For all the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen.

2 Kings 10. 10.

Know then, that there shall fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

Psal. 119. 89.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in Heaven.

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Author Scalæ Parad. tom. 9. Aug. c. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor despair: think not thy self contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while. All things co-operate for the best: both from his absence and his presence thou gainest light. He cometh to thee, and goeth from thee: he cometh to make thee consolate; he goeth to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his familiarity should be conceived; and being absent to be more desired, and being desired to be more earnestly sought, and being long sought to be more acceptably found.

## His Soliloquy.

**W**ilt thou never, O my distrustful soul, submit thy will unto his will that made thee? Must his goodness be always the circumference of thy desires, and thy pleasure still the centre? Is it not enough that *Yes* and *Amen* hath promised the substance of thy happiness, but must thou bind him to thy circumstances? Shall the power of an infinite Creator be confined to the pleasure of a finite creature? Stand not in thine own light, my soul; the *Indopendence* of thy exorbitant desires shuts the door upon that *happiness* thou desirest. Art thou covetous of a blessing before thou art qualified to receive it? He that intends thee a Kingdom, will first make thee capable of a Kingdom. Thou that shalt be a gainer by his favour, shalt be no loser by his delay. Canst thou hope to be filled with the water of life, not first purged with the fire of affliction? How often hast thou murmured for that, which if enjoyed had been thy ruin? God hath promised, but hath delayed performance, to exercise thy patience. He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectifie thy faith. If *faith* be able to remove mountains, endeavour to remove thy infidelity. Endure, hope, believe; and he that comes will come, and will not tarry. O my soul, as nothing hinders the performance of his promise but distrust, so nothing hastens the promise of his performance but thy prayer.

## His Prayer.

O God, that art all-sufficient in thy self, all-gracious in thy Son, most absolute in thy purposes, and most faithful in thy promises; the miserable object of thy mercy, humbly present my self before thee, the merciful beholder of my misery. Lord, wherein have I to trust but in thy mercies? and whereupon have I to build but on thy promises? every sin is full of death, and every action is full of sin; insomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion against thee: but, O my God, thy goodness is like thy self, infinite; and thy mercy is past my comprehending. Thou knowest that I am evil, and wholly evil, and that continually. Thou knowest I am but dust and ashes, and the very off-spring of corruption, and thy glory is never magnified in my confusion than in my salvation. But, Lord, thou art a gracious God, and takest no pleasure in the death of a distressed sinner. Thy mercy is over all thy works, and thy goodness is from Generation to Generation. When I was in open rebellion against thee, thou reconciledst thy self to me; when I was utterly lost, thou redeemedst me with the innocent blood of thy dear Son; and being redeemed, thou hast sanctified me with the freeness of thy Spirit. Thou hast raised me by thy power, and strengthened me by thy promises. What shall I return thee, O my God, for

for what kind of recompence can dust and ashes make thee? My tongue shall sing the wonders of thy goodness, and praise thy Name for ever and ever. Continue, O Lord, thy mercies to me, and visit me according to thy wonted kindness. Give me a wise heart, that I may give respect unto all thy commandments, and a full confidence in all thy promises. Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give me patience till then to attend thy leisure. Lord, where I cannot understand, O teach me to wonder: and what I cannot do, give me power to believe. Let not the apparition of mine own corruptions plunge me in despair, nor yet the sense of thy indulgent love give me occasion to presume; that living here in the expectation of thy Truth, my hopes may be perfected into the glory of thy Name.

Philip. 2. 12.

*Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.*

Mat. 24. 46.

*Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.*



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